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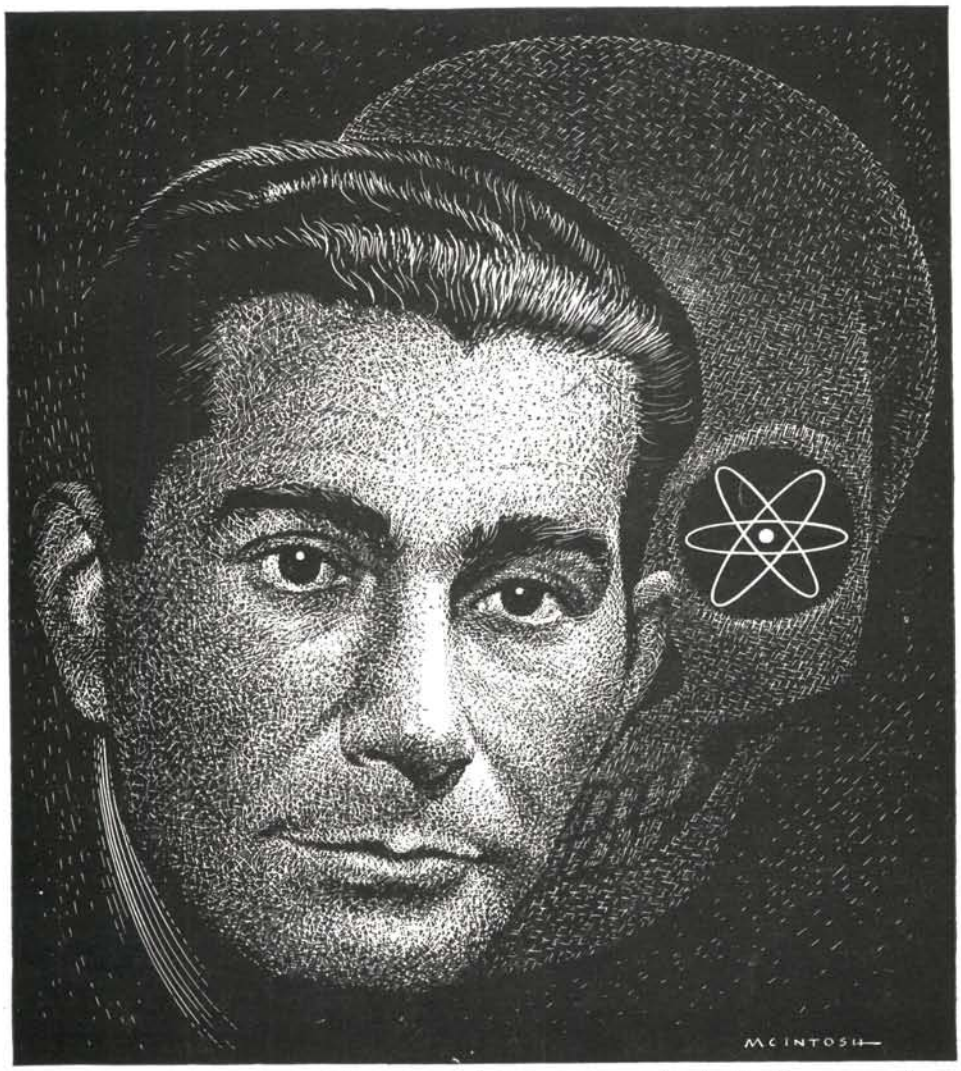

Eugène-Marie Friedwald, author of "Man's Last Choice." (See page 7)

Liberator of a "Stifling Provincialism"

By THOMAS MANN

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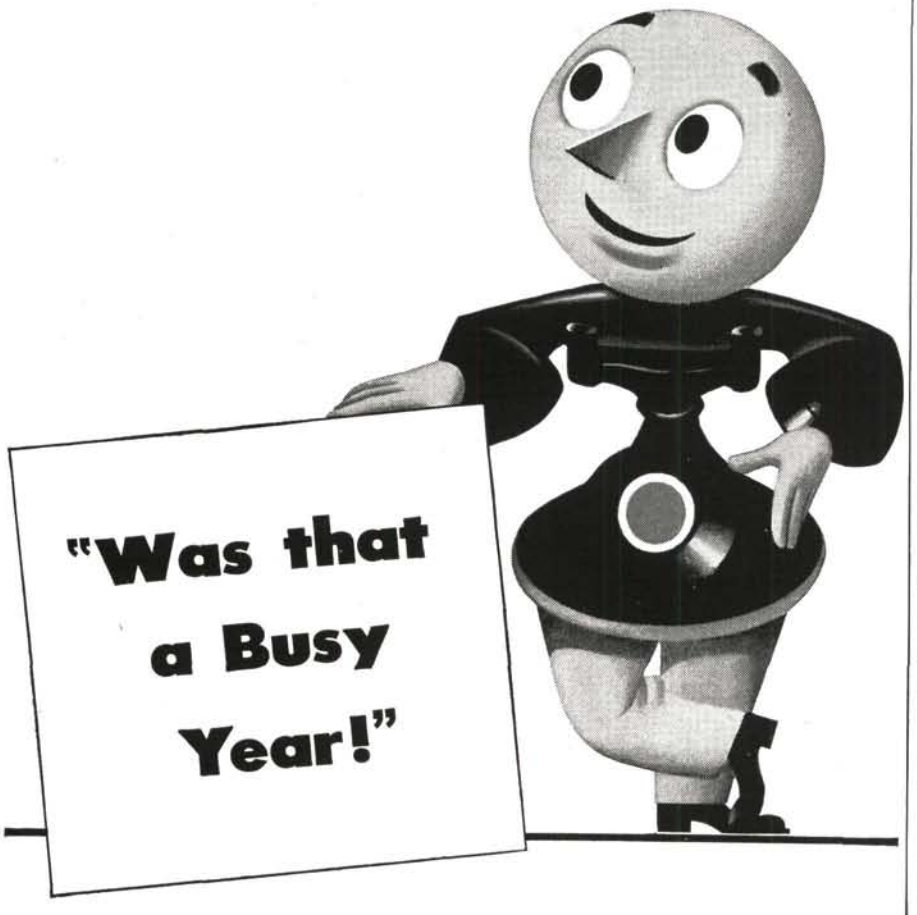

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TRADE Winds

"BELIEVE IT OR NOT" Bob Ripley estimates that Frank G. Menke's revised "Encyclopedia of Sports" can answer four million questions on 118 different games played in America. Who will dispute him? Winston Churchill, asked for embarrassing statistics in the House of Commons one afternoon, declared, "I will have an answer ready for tomorrow's session." The next day, true to his word, he rattled off figures for the better part of an hour. Later his secretary, amazed, asked, "How could you compile those statistics in a single day? It would have taken me and my staff six months to get them for you." "Right," agreed the complacent Mr. Churchill, "and by the same token, it will take the Opposition six months to prove I am in error."

At any rate, here are a few facts that I gleaned from a hasty thumbing through the pages of Mr. Menke's round-up of the sports world:

AMERICA SPENDS over four billion dollars a year on sports, fully a quarter of which goes for angling. Firearms, motor boating, and golf come next, with over a half billion apiece. . . . Softball games attract the biggest number of spectators. . . . The earliest method of catching fish was "tickling." The angler slipped his hand under the belly of the fish, and pro-

ceeded to tickle it. While the fish was chuckling, presumably, he was yanked out of the water. Today there are over eight million licensed anglers in the United States. Many of the ones I know are tickled if they even get a fish to nibble on their bait. . . .

THE OFFICIAL ARCHERY round for men calls for thirty shots at sixty yards, thirty at fifty yards, and thirty at forty yards. The record for flight shooting is 658 yards. . . . Backgammon was played first in Egypt, badminton (originally called "poona") in India. . . . Baseball was played in a dozen cities before it was ever known in Cooperstown, and it was Alexander Cartwright, not Abner Doubleday, who drew up the first diamond—back in 1845. The biggest professional baseball audience of all time — 84,041 — attended a doubleheader between the Yanks and the Red Sox at the Yankee Stadium on May 30, 1938. . . . Basketball is the only major sport played in the United States which is purely of American origin. Dr. Jones A. Naismith created it in Springfield, Mass., in 1891. . . .

BILLIARDS IS THE indoor development of the outdoor game of lawn bowls. Shapespeare, in "Antony and Cleopatra," caused Cleopatra to remark, "Come, let us to billiards, Charmian," but Mr. Menke brands this a blatant anachronism. . . . Birling is the art of navigating or rolling on logs. It was first practised along the Pacific Slope, but has been perfected in Washington and the Hotel Algonquin. The name of the sport sounds like the inspiration of a Brooklynite. . . . On a four-man bob-sled team, the two center men are merely ballast, and the fatter they are, the better. The original rules specified that these two passengers were to be ladies, but they ran out of available ladies very quickly, and eliminated that provision. . . .

EVEN RIPLEY MUST have been astonished to learn that the man who established nine pins as official equipment for bowling was Martin Luther! The game had become so popular, and betting on same so prevalent, in America in the 1840's that legislation was passed prohibiting it in several states. The modern game of ten-pins was promptly devised to circumvent the legislation. . . . Do you remember Thurber's wonderful cartoon of a determined wife about to pitch a bowling ball overhand? Her resigned husband groans, "All right, go ahead and try it that way!" . . .

Menke says that the longest prize fight with gloves went 110 rounds, fought by Bowen and Burke in New Orleans in 1893; the shortest was in 1902, when Battling Nelson kayoed an opponent with one punch in two seconds flat. . . . The basic blows in boxing are a left jab, a straight right hand, a left hook, and an uppercut with either hand. The Marquis of Queensberry rules specify, "No wrestling or hugging allowed." . . . Cock-fighting is illegal, in the opinion of one advocate, because it "cannot be fixed in advance." The S.P.C.A. has other reasons. Occasionally, a fighting cock quits under the gaffs, and makes the fact known by lifting his hackle—a long narrow feather on the neck. The under rim of the hackle is edged with white feathers; hence the expression, "showing the white feather." . . .

WHEN DOG RACING was introduced in America, whippets were used, but later greyhounds proved faster and

more durable. Greyhounds pursue fake rabbits with the same enthusiasm as the genuine article because they hunt by sight and sound and not by smell. . . . Man O'War was beaten just once in his entire racing career. The horse that accomplished the feat bore the appropriate name of "Upset." . . . The spots on dominoes are called "pips," a word I haven't heard since I was a sophomore at Townsend Harris. . . .

THE FIRST COLLEGE football game took place in New Brunswick, N. J., in 1869, with Rutgers beating Princeton, six goals to four. Rutgers didn't repeat the victory until November 5, 1938! . . . Some of the Princeton spectators tried to intimidate the sons of Rutgers with a blood-curdling yell that they had used themselves as a battle cry in the Civil War. Thus was born the college cheer. . . . Golf didn't really take hold in America until 1913, when a former caddy, Francis Ouimet, defeated England's best, Harry Vardon and Ed Ray, in the finals of the U. S. A. open. There are now 4,817 golf courses in the United States, as compared to 2,500 in all the rest of the world. . . . The greatest golf shot I ever saw was made by Publisher Alfred Knopf at the Hollywood course in Deal. Knopf's ball was buried in the side of a ditch near the fourteenth green. He elected to play it. The mud fell in all directions, the ball fell in the cup, and Mr. Knopf fell in the ditch. . . .

THE ENTIRE PRINCIPLE of horseshoe pitching was revolutionized in 1920

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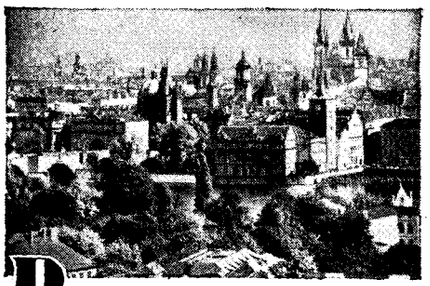
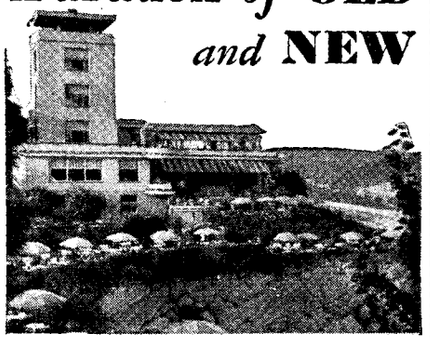


Paradox *of* OLD *and* NEW



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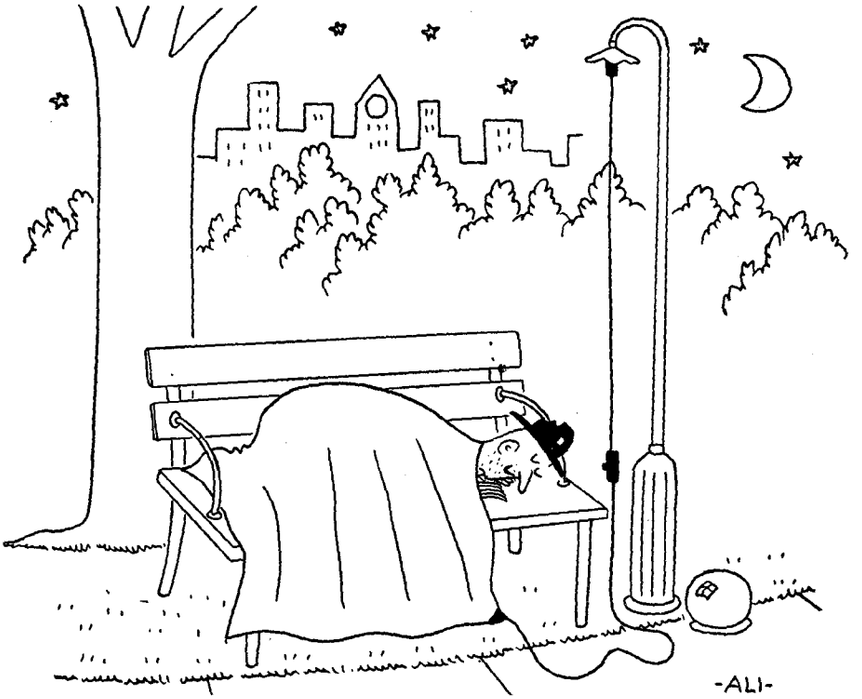

by an Akron (Ohio) fireman named George May. He saw no reason for concentrating on merely getting close to the stake and scoring one point. By learning to regulate the revolutions while the shoe was in the air, he became a ringer specialist. In twenty-four games in a single championship tournament, May tossed 430 ringers. Official rules allow three points for a ringer, but nothing extra for a leaner. . . . Hunters in a single year (1943) accounted for 656,993 deer, 9,422 black bear, eighty mountain goat—and 116 other hunters. . . . Lacrosse is Canada's official national outdoor game, and is mentioned here principally to revive the old story of the athlete who admitted, "I'm a little stiff from lacrosse." "Ah," remarked a bystander, "Wisconsin!" . . .

PADDLE TENNIS was introduced by Frank P. Beal, as late as 1924. It was designed to teach children the rudiments of tennis, but spread in a few years to a point where the *SRL*'s literary cryptographer broke her ankle in a championship match. . . . One reason why the game of racquets is not too popular is that a court costs between $100,000 and $250,000. . . . "Skeet" is an old Scandinavian form of the word "shoot." Page Cooper tells the story of a champion shot named Ambrosio, who noticed an infinitesimal speck high in the sky one morning and, seizing his ever-ready rifle, banged away at it. He was incredulous when it appeared that he had missed his target. All was well, however, when a note, written on beautiful parchment, dropped at his feet the next morning. It read, "Please don't shoot my angels," and was signed, "God." . . .

THERE ARE NOW OVER two million registered skiers in America, of whom almost one per cent actually knows how to ski. They spend about two hundred million dollars annually for lessons and equipment. . . . Your correspondent made one spectacular ski run in the winter of 1939. The scene was Saks Fifth Avenue, and the run ended in the middle of the haberdashery department. . . . Gertrude Ederle made her famous Channel swim on August 6, 1926. The world's record for long-distance swimming is held by John V. Sigmund, who swam non-stop down the Mississippi, 292 miles in eighty-nine hours and forty-two minutes, in July 1940. Quite a dunking! . . .

MR. MENKE LISTS "wrestling" as a sport, although television evidence is against him, and winds up on a nice expensive note with "yachting." . . . Dick Tregaskis was aboard a converted racing yacht when he interviewed a cannibal chief in the South Pacific. "You mean to tell me that although you attended Oxford for six years," said Dick, "you still eat human flesh?" "I do," replied the chief loftily, "but of course, I now use a knife and fork." . . .

"THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SPORTS" is an A. S. Barnes publication. The items selected for this column do not begin to reveal how all-embracing and thorough are its contents. It's a good buy for 1948, or any other year!

BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Hermann Hesse—

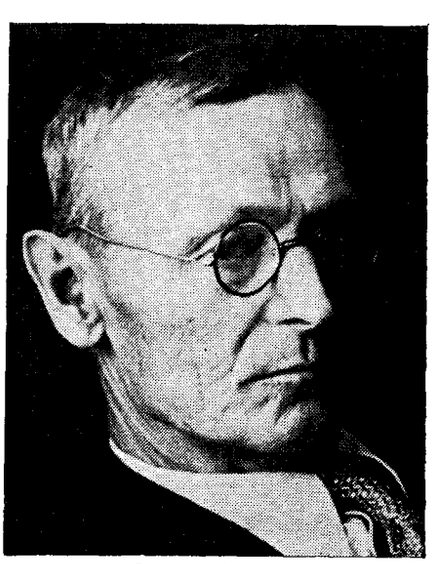
Liberator of a "Stifling Provincialism"

THOMAS MANN

Thomas Mann

A FULL decade has passed since I last shook Hermann Hesse's hand. Indeed the time seems even longer, so much has happened meanwhile — so much has happened amid the stress and uproar of this convulsive age, so much has come from the uninterrupted industry of our own hand. The outer events, in particular the inevitable ruin of unhappy Germany, both of us foresaw and both lived to witness—far removed from each other in space, so far that at times no communication was possible, yet always together, always in each other's thoughts. Our paths in general take clearly separate courses through the land of the spirit, at a formal distance one from the other. And yet in some sense the course is the same, in some sense we are indeed fellow pilgrims and brothers, or perhaps I should say, a shade less intimately, *confrères*; for I like to think of our relationship in the terms of the meeting between his Joseph Knecht and the Benedictine friar Jacobus in "Glasperlenspiel" which cannot take place without the "playful and prolonged ceremony of endless bowings like the salutations between two saints or princes of the church"—a half ironic ceremonial, Chinese in character, which Knecht greatly enjoys and of which, he remarks, Magister Ludi Thomas von der Trave was also past master.

Thus it is only natural that our names should be mentioned together from time to time, and even when this happens in the strangest of ways it is agreeable to us. A well-known elderly composer in Munich, obstinately German and bitterly angry, in a recent letter to America called us both, Hesse and me, "wretches" because we do not believe that we Germans are the highest and noblest of peoples, "a canary among a flock of sparrows." The simile itself is peculiarly weak and fatuous quite apart from the ignorance, the incorrigible arrogance which it expresses and which one would think had brought misery enough to this ill-fated people. For my own part, I accept with resignation this verdict of the "German soul." Very likely in my own country I was nothing but a gray sparrow of the intellect among a flock of emotional Harz songsters, and so in 1933 they were heartily glad to be rid of me, though today they make a great show of being deeply injured because I do not return. But Hesse? What ignorance, what lack of culture, to banish this nightingale (for, true enough, he is no middle-class canary) from its German grove, this lyric poet whom Moerike would have embraced with emotion, who has produced from our language images of purest and most delicate form, who created from it songs and aphorisms of the most profound artistic insight —to call him a "wretch" who betrays his German heritage simply because he holds the idea separate from the form which so often debases it, because he tells the people from whom he sprang the truth which the most dreadful experiences still cannot make them understand, and because the misdeeds committed by this race in its self-absorption stirred his conscience.



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"The devoted universality of Hermann Hesse's activities have a specifically German quality."

IF TODAY, when national individualism lies dying, when no single problem can any longer be solved from a purely national point of view, when everything connected with the "fatherland" has become stifling provincialism and no spirit that does not represent the European tradition as a whole any longer merits consideration, if today the genuinely national, the specifically popular, still has any value at all—and a picturesque value may it retain—then certainly the essential thing is, as always, not vociferous opinion but actual accomplishment. In Germany especially, those who were least content with things German were always the truest Germans. And who could fail to see that the educational labors alone of Hesse the man of letters—here I am leaving the creative writer completely out of account—the devoted universality of his activities as editor and collector, have a specifically German quality? The concept of "world literature," originated by Goethe, is most natural and native to him. One of his works, which has in fact appeared in America, "published in the public interest by authority of the Alien Property Custodian, 1945," bears just this title, "Library of World Literature," and is proof of vast and enthusiastic reading, of especial familiarity with the temples of Eastern wisdom, and of a noble humanistic intimacy with the "most ancient and holy testimonials

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of the human spirit." Special studies of his are the essays on Francis of Assisi and on Boccaccio dated 1904, and his three papers on Dostoievski which he called "*Blick ins Chaos*" ("Glance into Chaos"). Editions of medieval stories, of novelle and tales by old Italian writers, Oriental fairy tales, "Songs of the German Poets," new editions of Jean Paul, Novalis, and other German romantics bear his name. They represent labor, veneration, selection, editing, re-issuing, and the writing of informed prefaces—enough to fill the life of many an erudite man of letters. With Hesse it is mere superabundance of love (and energy!), an active hobby in addition to his personal, most extraordinarily personal, work — work which for the many levels of thought it touches and its concern with the problems of the world and the self is without peer among his contemporaries.

MOREOVER even as a poet he likes the role of editor and archivist, the game of masquerade behind the guise of one who "brings to light" other people's papers. The greatest example of this is the sublime work of his old age, "Glasperlenspiel," drawn from all sources of human culture, both East and West, with its subtitle "Attempt at a Description of the Life of Magister Ludi Thomas Knecht, Together with Knecht's Posthumous Writings, Edited by Hermann Hesse." In reading it I very strongly felt (as I wrote to him at that time) how much the element of parody, the fiction and persiflage of a biography based upon learned conjectures, in short the verbal playfulness, help keep within limits this late work, with its dangerously advanced intellectuality, and contribute to its dramatic effectiveness.

German? Well, if that's the question, this late work together with all the earlier work is indeed German, German to an almost impossible degree, German in its blunt refusal to try to please the world, a refusal that in the end will be neutralized, whatever the old man may do, by world fame: for the simple reason that this is Germanic in the old, happy, free, and intellectual sense to which the name of Germany owes its best repute, to which it owes the sympathy of mankind. This chaste and daring work, full of fantasy and at the same time highly intellectual, is full of tradition, loyalty, memory, secrecy—without being in the least derivative. It raises the intimate and familiar to a new intellectual, yes, revolutionary level—revolutionary in no direct political or social sense but rather in a psychic, poetical one: in genuine and honest fashion it is prophetic of the future, sensitive to the future. I do not know how else to describe the special, ambiguous, and unique charm it holds for me. It possesses the romantic timbre, the tenuousness, the complex, hypochondriacal humor of the German soul — organically and personally bound up with elements of a very different and far less emotional nature, elements of European criticism and of psychoanalysis. The relationship of this Swabian writer of lyrics and idylls to the erotological "depth psychology" of Vienna, as for example it is expressed in "Narziss und Goldmund," a poetic novel unique in its purity and fascination, is a spiritual paradox of the most appealing kind. It is no less remarkable and characteristic than this author's attraction to the Jewish genius of Prague, Franz Kafka, whom he early called an "uncrowned king of German prose," and to whom he paid critical tribute at every opportunity—long before Kafka's name had become so fashionable in Paris and New York.

If he is "German," there is certainly nothing plain or homely about him. The electrifying influence exercised on a whole generation just after the First World War by "Demian," from the pen of a certain mysterious Sinclair, is unforgettable. With uncanny accuracy this poetic work struck the nerve of the times and called forth grateful rapture from a whole youthful generation who believed that an interpreter of their innermost life had risen from their own midst—whereas it was a man already forty-two years old who gave them what they sought. And need it be stated that, as an experimental novel, "Steppenwolf" is no less daring than "Ulysses" and "The Counterfeiters"?

FOR me his life work, with its roots in native German romanticism, for all its occasional strange individualism, its now humorously petulant and now mystically yearning estrangement from the world and the times, belongs to the highest and purest spiritual aspirations and labors of our epoch. Of the literary generation to which I belong I early chose him, who has now attained the Biblical age, as the one nearest and dearest to me and I have followed his growth with a sympathy that sprang as much from our differences as from our similarities. The latter, however, have sometimes astounded me. He has

---

Fable for Men

By I. L. Salomon

A BLUEBIRD flew out of sight
beyond the eaves of our house
in a blue streak of light
to one of the spruce's boughs;

the cat was not unaware
of the worried wings of the bird,
who rushed through the easy air
to hide where nothing stirred;

yet the cat was only a cat;
his feline pleasure stolen,
he pawed for want of that
a green leaf early fallen;

his lust was not for the leaf;
the bird in our northern spruce
sang of imminent grief
but did not succumb to the ruse.

Each had its natural realm;
the cat, instinctive aggressor,
intended to overwhelm
all avian rights and possess her:

If nations have primal desires
no better than fur and feather,
not all their heavenward spires
can keep them living together!

—*Victor R. Landi.*

My Current Reading

James F. Byrnes sends us this week a list of his current reading. Mr. Byrnes was, of course, Secretary of State, and more recently the author of "Speaking Frankly," a book about his experiences while in office. With the four titles listed below Mr. Byrnes includes "several Perry Mason stories," by the mystery writer Erle Stanley Gardner (Morrow):

WITH NAPOLEON IN RUSSIA, *abridged from the memoirs of General de Caulaincourt (Morrow)*

PROPHETS AND PEOPLE, *by Hans Kohn (Macmillan)*

THE HOLMES - POLLOCK LETTERS: 1874-1932, *edited by Mark De Wolfe Howe (Harvard University Press)*

AMID THESE STORMS: THOUGHTS AND ADVENTURES, *by Winston S. Churchill (Scribner's)*

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written things — why should I not avow it?—such as "Badegast" and indeed much in "Glasperlenspiel," especially the great introduction, which I read and feel "as though 'twere part of me."

I also love Hesse the man, his cheerfully thoughtful, roguishly kind ways, the beautiful, deep look of his, alas, ailing eyes, whose blue illuminates the sharp-cut face of an old Swabian peasant. It was only fourteen years ago that I first came to know him intimately when, suffering from the first shock of losing my country, my house, and my hearth, I was often with him in his beautiful house and garden in the Ticino. How I envied him in those days!—not alone for his security in a free country, but most of all for the degree of hard-won spiritual freedom by which he surpassed me, for his philosophical detachment from all German politics. There was nothing more comforting, more healing in those confused days than his conversation.

For a decade and more I have been urging that his work be crowned with the Swedish world prize for literature. It would not have come too soon in his sixtieth year, and the choice of a naturalized Swiss citizen would have been a witty way out at a time when Hitler (on account of Ossietzky) had forbidden the acceptance of the prize to all Germans forevermore. But there is much appropriateness in the honor now, too, when the seventy-year-old author has himself crowned his already rich work with something sublime, his great novel of education. His stirring novel "Demian," written in his vigorous middle years, is a small volume; but it is often books of small size that exert the greatest dynamic power—take for example "Werther" to which, in regard to its effectiveness in Germany, "Demian" bears a distant resemblance.

Toward the end of the book (the time is 1914) Demian says to his friend Sinclair:

> There will be war. . . . But you will see, Sinclair, that this is just the beginning. Perhaps it will become a great war, a very great war. But even that is just the beginning. The new is beginning and for those who cling to the old the new will be horrible. What will you do?

The right answer would be: "Assist the new without sacrificing the old." The best servitors of the new—Hesse is an example—may be those who know and love the old and carry it over into the new.

The foregoing article is the introduction to Hermann Hesse's book "Demian," which Henry Holt will publish January 15.

Ideas. *A close union of the American states seemed as visionary to most Americans of 1789 as a true world government seems to many today. One realizes this with a jolt in looking over Carl Van Doren's forthcoming study of the Constitution, "The Great Rehearsal." The obstacles to world government today are infinitely greater, yet time may bring its fulfillment. On the subject, Friedwald's book (reviewed below), though published abroad last year, is still timely, and we recommend Cord Meyer, Jr.'s "Peace or Anarchy," reviewed in* SRL *Nov. 1 by Louis Fischer, with a rebuttal by Mr. Meyer.*

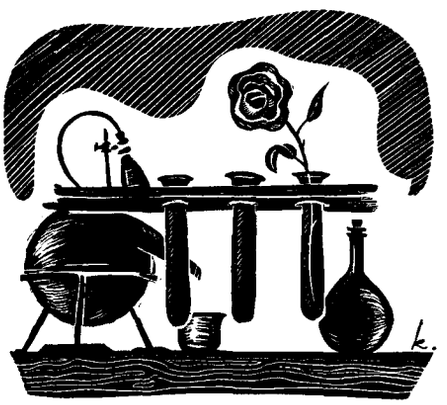
Instead of Rejoicing . . .

MAN'S LAST CHOICE. By E. M. Friedwald. New York: The Viking Press. 1947. 128 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT M. MACIVER

"LORD, what fools these mortals be!" So might the man from Mars reflect, now that a heroic invention makes meaningless the wars that have ravaged the earth. Do they join in universal thanksgiving when war's historical role is ended, when no longer can any government use it as an instrument of policy, when no longer can any war chief who is not completely insane resort to it in the hope of gaining his ends? Instead, they treat this climactic invention as a new complication of their many worries! They still build vast armies and navies, wasting their resources, when the only goal of that activity is obliteration. Instead of rejoicing, they are filled with new fears, when this epoch-making thing not only offers the end of war but also promises, for a time not far away, the widened prosperity of all mankind.

The reader of the book before us may well be stimulated to indulge in such reflections as we have attributed to the man from Mars. It is a book of great lucidity and wise simplicity. In four pithy chapters, packed with significance, the author sets before us neat and telling summations of urgent realities we are slow or even loath to comprehend. Even on the few points where we might differ with him—as when he characterizes medieval war as not an instrument of political power but only a "trial by battle limited by the rulings of the Church," or when he makes the rise of nationalism a revulsion from the "encroaching individualism" of Napoleon—the difference is only one of emphasis.



Mr. Friedwald, before going to England to join the "Free France" movement in 1940, was a French journalist. He has something to say, and he knows how to say it.

In the main the book is a conspectus of the relation of science to political power throughout the modern era—the era that was modern before 1945. Until the end of the eighteenth century science was for the most part "a by-product of military research." Only with the industrial revolution did science devote itself predominantly to civilian uses. The connection between industrial power and political power was for a considerable time unrecognized. It was in Germany that the importance of science to government was first grasped, and in consequence science received there a status and an endowment that helped to make German science the foremost in the world and the most fertile industrially.

The author takes the list of Nobel prize-winners as the best available criterion of the scientific achievements of the various countries. Over the whole period, from 1901 to 1946, the Germans are first with thirty-eight prize men, Britain second with twenty-five, and the United States third with twenty-two. The Dutch, Austrians, Swedes, Danes, and Swiss stand high on a per capita basis. Russia is nowhere—a total of two in physiology and medicine (awarded in the czarist days) and not one in physics or chemistry. Germany's advantage has been dominantly in chemistry,

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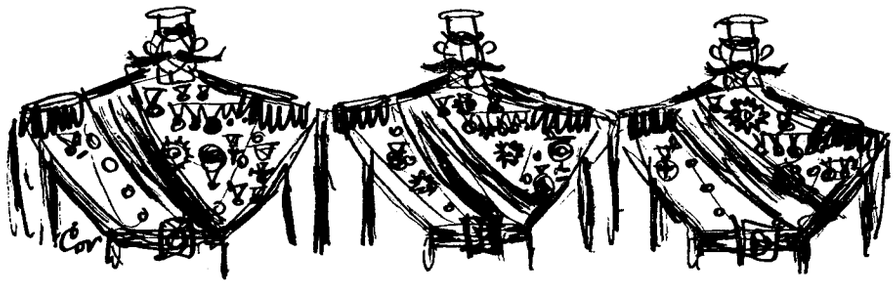
but Germany lost much ground during the Nazi regime. The United States has taken a large leap forward and is well ahead for the period since 1933, with Britain taking second place. France has not, by this standard, been eminent in science, a fact the author attributes largely to the niggardliness of the French state in its attitude toward scientific research. The effect of totalitarianism on the scientific spirit is impressively suggested by the record. "Soviet science has not yet produced a single Nobel prize-winner."

For some time to come this difference in scientific ability must be given considerable weight in any calculations of political power. At this moment there is only *one* world power, for the United States alone possesses the atomic bomb. But this final weapon carries with it its own nemesis. In the not distant future the differences of power between the countries of the world will be greatly reduced, may even cease to count in any realistic calculation. There is no question that, apart from a world authority, the bomb, in a yet more devastating form, will be in time available to any country that devotes itself to the business. It will be by far the cheapest, measured by its "productivity," of all the weapons of war. It is a "saturation weapon," so absolute that

THE AUTHOR: *SRL* nominates Eugène-Marie Friedwald, whose "Man's Last Choice" is marked by the absence of a single perpendicular pronoun, as the person most unlikely to write an autobiography. Even a transatlantic cable from his American publishers, the Viking Press, pleading for data, failed to beguile Mr. Friedwald into revealing anything fleshier than "Eugène-Marie Friedwald studied at the University of Toulouse and received his degree of Engineering in Chemistry and *Licensié ès Sciences* in 1931. He turned from scientific research to writing on international affairs fourteen years ago as a result of having followed lectures on political science at the *Collège de France*. Mr. Friedwald left France in July 1940 on the last boat to England, where he worked for the Political Intelligence Department the remainder of the war. He is married to an Englishwoman and lives in London." *SRL* asked for more information. His agent replied: "Friedwald knows more about oil and its influence on war than any other living writer. Was research worker in France. Now writing book on Russia and world power." **R. G.**



size of population, wealth of resources, and even expanse of territory will not suffice to give any country any degree of security. Consideration of "geopolitics," meaningful up to our time, must now be discarded. Furthermore, even a "victorious" state could not hope to enjoy its "victory." The author quotes the speculation of Dr. Irving Langmuir to the effect that an atomic war might render our planet "permanently uninhabitable."

Those who pride themselves on being realists about war and political power prove to be the worst victims of illusion. Science increases political power, is in our days a precondition of political power, but science has already, for the past thirty years, made war "a senseless thing without an object," completely useless as an instrument of policy. At the same time science has confuted nationalism, even though in this period the creed of nationalism has received a devotion never equaled before.

What then is the conclusion? Mr. Friedwald addresses himself here solely to the problem of atomic control. The main difficulty that blocks its solution is not a technological, but a political one. Given the requisite authority with the requisite power, including the power of inspection, atomic warfare can be prevented and atomic energy applied, without unfair discrimination between countries, to beneficent uses. The Baruch proposal presented a reasonable program for the accomplishment of this end. Russia's intransigence has barred its acceptance. The most satisfactory way of breaking the deadlock would be a change of attitude on the part of Russia, so that she would be willing "to merge a small part of her sovereignty" for the greater good of all. Failing this, the next best thing is that the five-sixths of the world lying outside the Russian zone should set up its own authority, leaving the door open to the Soviet Union.

It is a conclusion narrower than the argument that leads up to it, and to this extent disappointing. The control of atomic energy is certainly an urgent issue, and some scheme more or less resembling the Baruch plan is imperative. But this issue cannot be dissociated from others, and it cannot be effectively settled by itself alone. No authority to control atomic energy will serve so long as there is not also an international authority to prevent war itself. The destructive potentialities of science are not limited to atomic warfare. War, as Mr. Friedwald points out, has become in every sense unlimited. Moreover, even if the Baruch or some similar program were accepted, it would be effective only during peace. The outbreak of war would put an end to all that, and within a year or so after the outbreak belligerents would probably be producing atomic bombs—unless they found other genocidal weapons.

Throughout history calculations of military power have been a series of visions that nearly always in the end deceived, even if at first their promise seemed to be fulfilled. In the past such calculations tempted dominant, aggressive men, who launched great conflicts to win their ends. Today they can tempt only fools. *The ends cannot be won.*

Contract vs. Coercion

A CONCISE HISTORY OF THE LAW OF NATIONS. By Arthur Nussbaum. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 361 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by ASHER BRYNES

ONE of the unrecognized achievements of the twentieth century is a simplification of the terms in which we must think about peace if we are ever to deal effectively with the problem of war. Men are now roughly divided between those who would rely on world government, or police power, for the enforcement of peace; and those who would rely on the rule of law ("open agreements openly arrived at," in Wilsonian phrase) to accomplish the same end. Actually the issue is between contract and coercion: it is that simple.

According to the Communist conception of Russia one world means one government, maintaining peace by administrative order. That basic idea was sharply defined by F. A. Voigt a few months ago:

> All nations in the world are prospective members of the Soviet

(*Continued on page* 30)

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Fiction. *The most significant of the three novels reviewed this week is Ross Lockridge's "Raintree County." The critics will doubtless fight over its 1,066 pages for some time to come, for in lyric and powerful prose it tears the history of an American family to fragmentary pieces and reassembles it like a cross-word puzzle. "The Earth Beneath" is another several-generation novel describing the dismal existence of a family of British coal miners. The genealogical tree as the theme of novels is so common today that there must be some reason compelling writers to find some solidity in the roots of present-day life. Norman Katkov's passionate story of the interplay of religious prejudice on the marriage of a Jewish boy and a Christian girl belongs wholly to this generation, but its significance is as old as history.*

Indiana Reflection of U. S. 1844-92

RAINTREE COUNTY. By Ross Lockridge, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 1,066 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

LATEST candidate for that mythical honor, the Great American Novel, "Raintree County" displays unflagging industry, a jerky and sometimes magnificent vitality, a queer amalgam of pattern and formlessness, and an ingenuity of structure that is at once admirable and maddening. The engineering of this huge volume arouses one's admiration, although the problem of organic form is by no means solved.

Let us examine the engineering, or physical, structure of this enormous edifice. The work is an amalgam of at least four major elements: events in a day in the life of the Shawnessy family, living in Waycross, Indiana, and proud of their county; biographical and autobiographical memories and narratives of the past of this family, but principally of John Shawnessy, the father, poet, and family man; Esther his wife, and their daughter Eva Alice(named from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Alice in Wonderland"); a subjective and lyrical history of the United States from 1844 to 1892, seen principally from an Indiana angle of vision; and the ironic interpretative comments on all this by one "Perfessor" Jerusalem Webster Stiles, a character whose function is that of Enobarbus in "Antony and Cleopatra" and whose name springs from the nomenclature of frontier humorists.

The frame which contains the whole and from which, as drying corn hangs from a crossbeam in a barn, some fifty-two "flashbacks" depend is the events of a Fourth of July celebration at Waycross in 1892, in which J. W. Shawnessy plays a leading part. To this celebration there return (among others) two boyhood companions of his youth, a local politico, Garwood B. Jones, now become a pompous U. S. Senator, and a local entrepreneur, one "Cash" Carney, become one of the predatory financiers of the nation. Both in 1892 and during events preceding this day conversations among the four principal male characters illumine action and value—that is, Jones brings to the problem of interpretation the views of a practical politician in America, Carney those of finance, the "Perfessor" the view of an uprooted intellectual (he becomes a newspaper reporter), and Shawnessy the optimism of the shy idealist-teacher, poet, lover, and writer.

More than half a hundred flashbacks of varying length tell us of past events in domestic and public life.

—Basil Green.

Ross Lockridge, Jr.'s book "has gusto, ribaldry, vision, beauty, and narrative skill."

The author has obligingly furnished a list of these in chronological order, for they are not in chronological order in the body of the book, and, in fact, one is sometimes a little puzzled to know why they are arranged as they are and not otherwise. Through these flashbacks we watch the parallel histories of a series of private lives, North and South, and of crucial public events like the anti-slavery agitation, the Civil War, the assassination of Lincoln, the Philadelphia Exposition, the Homestead Riots, and the like. Each of these episodes is attached to the main frame by an ingenious mechanical device resembling what the Japanese in their poetry call a "pillow word"—that is, a sentence uttered or meditated by a character in 1892 contains a characteristic word which becomes the first word (in altered meaning) of the flashback. Furthermore, the titles of the flashbacks are sometimes a carry-over of these sentences. Jointure of history and fiction is, I think, more smoothly made here than in the case of John Dos Passos.

Despite these mechanical neatnesses, the novel (in the old tradition of English fiction) is fundamentally amorphous. There are dramatic episodes; narrative episodes; lyrical meditations reminiscent of Tom Wolfe; dream distortions like the verbal ballets in the third part of "Ulysses"; long passages of interpretative comment; frequent selections from a prose epic supposed to be under construction by the hero; pieces from imaginary country newspapers; a small anthology of popular songs of the American nineteenth century, and much more. Characters must be clearly conceived to keep their outline and depth against this mounting flood of words, and it cannot be said that they always do so. They display only a fitful vitality.

John Shawnessy is the principal character. His boyhood, youth, and young manhood are clearly seen, the village life of Midwest America rises around him in these earlier scenes, and one rejoices in his three-dimensional solidity. But he is pushed by his creator into an improbable marriage with a Louisiana girl, Susanna Drake ("Susanna" from the Foster song, and "Drake," I assume, because of overtones from the name of Temple Drake in Faulkner's "Sanctuary"); the girl, fearful that she is herself the product of miscegenation, goes mad and disappears with her baby; and the grief-stricken husband enlists in the Union Army under U. S. Grant, fights at Chickamauga, and marches with Sherman to the sea. But he ceases thereupon to be an individual, becoming merely an-

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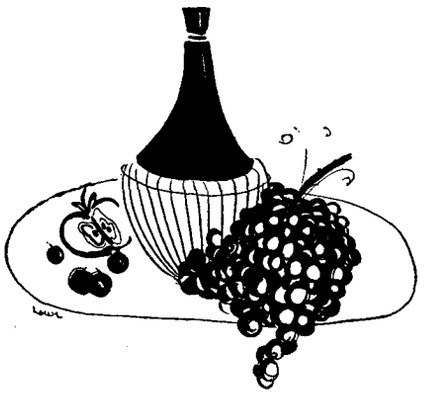
other citizen soldier. In sum, the symbolism of this dark marriage of North and South swallows up Shawnessy's private character about two-thirds of the way through the book, and Shawnessy never recaptures it.

Shawnessy is haunted by a dream of woman's flesh. We are to understand, both from his erotic experiences and from comments by the "Perfessor" and others, that life in America is an uneasy union of public decorum and private paganism; and the sweet, soft flesh of women (never was there a book in which nakedness was so persistently employed as a symbol of emotional longing) becomes for the poet in Shawnessy a symbol of what American life ought to be. But the flesh is tricky; and in scenes of comic power, sudden melodrama, or psychological upset, Mr. Lockridge reminds us that in the American small town a dream of the flesh is often described by shorter and uglier words.

There is great narrative and comic power in about half of these 1,066 pages. (Such is the historical symbolism throughout, one begins to wonder whether the Battle of Hastings isn't involved with the page numbers!) But in the last third of the volume his characters cease to be individuals and become in too many cases individualized symbols. A single exception is the "Perfessor," whose language, it is evident, Mr. Lockridge had particular pleasure in creating. Stiles is consistently himself throughout; and though the heart of his formula is the newspaper cynic, he is a genuine comic invention. And it must be said even of Susanna Drake that she has the same haunting vitality of melodrama that Miss Havershams has in "Great Expectations." If there was never any such person, there should have been.

Whether in 1947 the fragmentation method of Laurence Sterne can profitably be resumed in American fiction will be generally debated as this book is read. For read it will be, read and discussed. The writing is everywhere competent and often distinguished; and for those who are bored by subjective lyricism or who do not care for Platonic dialogues among Shawnessy, Garwood Jones, and their friends, other particular episodes have high imaginative power. The book is full-blooded, it has gusto, ribaldry, vision, beauty, and narrative skill. It is also repetitious, overly "organized," reminiscent of a variety of predecessors, "literary" in the wrong sense, and too dependent upon source material. But the breath of life sweeps through its voluminous pages; and it may be that "Raintree County" marks at last the end of a long slump in American fiction.

Anti-Semitism in Reverse



EAGLE AT MY EYES. By Norman Katkov. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 252 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THIS is the story of Joe Goodman and Mary Simpson. They love each other terribly—I use the word advisedly—and they tear and maim each other, and are torn by those who love them, because Joe is a Jew and Mary is a Christian. There is the spring of action, out of which grows one of the most wonderful, tragic stories I have read in recent years. Not a social study, not a problem. "Romeo and Juliet" is not about a social problem; you think what that is later, if you do at all. So also is "Eagle at My Eyes" not about a problem. It is about two people caught in the wheels, about their selves, their agonizing cries and passions, their desperate snatches at space. Their history is presented to us in a stream of writing that is fierce and passionate, high-pitched upon a level of tension that is sustained to a fault, if a sustained level can be a fault—to exhaustion point. The results are many: a personal agony communicated directly across the space from page to reader; a revelation of some intimate aspects of a people—the Jews—in such ugly and beautiful truth as I have never seen set down before; a novel with uncertainty here and weakness there but above all with an impact that is unforgettable.

It is quite possible that you will close the book with two images burnt most indelibly upon your mind: Joe's Pa and Ma. So far as I can offer judgment these are great Jewish portraiture, the best I have seen in English. Only quotation longer than space affords could bring them properly into this review. They have to be experienced in the narrative stream, developing, like music, in time. Pa is proud and humble, he is unashamedly tender in loving and bitter in knowledge, he is brave, and he is desolate. And Ma? She is a terrible force. She is the vengeful cruelty of anti-Semitism in reverse, she is the consuming prejudice born of prejudice. Joe and Mary can win against the Simpsons; they can possess the unwilling love of Pa; but the shattering and calculated hysteria of Ma is the rock upon which they must break. There is fear enough inside of Joe, revealed everywhere in cold nakedness. His mother thrusts it deeper, joins it with her own, and he turns upon it, impaled as upon a spit.

Pa and Ma Goodman are so strong that they seem in retrospect to stand at the center of the book, although they do in fact take a minor part of its space; and this may perhaps be accounted a faulty balance. It is as though we came away from "Romeo and Juliet"—to keep to that reference—with an overpowering sense of Lord and Lady Montague. And there is a weakness corollary to this: why do we not have so fine and realistic a portraiture of the Simpsons, father and mother? For it is certainly true that while the Simpsons are approximated with evident care for accuracy, it is a journalistic approximation, worked from outside, and possesses none of the consummate psychological penetration with which the Goodmans are done. Of course the answer is that Mr. Katkov knows the Goodmans from the inside out, exactly as I know them. But if he is going to write about the Simpsons too, use them as opposite characters, then he must know them from the inside as well, as intuitively and as truly. It is the artist's duty.

I should say that Mr. Katkov identified himself so utterly with Mary and Joe that he cast himself, with them, upon the rushing torrent of events that carried them to tragedy. No dispassionate view, no conscious arrangement of forces, was possible—perhaps out of the very nature of the identification. His book is written hotly, personally. It has all the faults, all the virtues, of complete subjectivity. It is brilliant and moving, and I know I am going to read it again.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 718)

WASHINGTON IRVING:
*TO HIS NIECE**

Kossuth is really a noble fellow. . . . I trust we are never carried away by the fascinating eloquence of this second Peter the Hermit into schemes of foreign interference that would rival the wild enterprises of the Crusades.

* Mrs. Storrow in Paris; Sunnyside, Jan. 13, 1852.

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Homeless World

THE AUNT'S STORY. By Patrick White. New York: The Viking Press. 1948. 281 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WALTER HAVIGHURST

THE AUNT of Mr. White's deft and disturbing story is Theodora Goodman, a big-boned, sallow woman who searches for home in a homeless world. The final home which she finds, in illusion of mind, after long wandering, brings to her a fulfillment that was lacking in the lost home of her childhood or in the actual home of her possession-encompassed sister. "The Aunt's Story" is an acrid, astringent novel in which illusion offers a refuge from reality.

In childhood Theodora Goodman clung passionately to the ancestral homestead, Meroë. But her father was a wastrel and her mother, discontented in the sheeplands of a British colonial family, lived for vacations in more populous and diverting places. So the family lands were eaten away by debt and extravagance. As a child out shooting with her father in the Australian hills, Theodora began to realize that Meroë was a dying place. Her father had no sense of responsibility to the land; the neighbors called it "Rack-and-Ruin Hollow." There Theodora grew up, a candid, clear-eyed girl, plain, sensitive, and inarticulate, entirely aware of what her destiny was to be. She would experience yearning but not fulfillment; she would possess affection that the world would not use.

This first part of the novel seems to me the best. It conveys childhood poignancies and realizations and it presents a very real passing of time. It establishes complex characters and half-hidden relationships. Like a Katherine Mansfield story, it reveals a child's world with its intensities, its bewilderments, and its troubled perceptions. It shows clearly how the sister Fanny, "pretty and pink as roses," having children and possessions, could dispense with love, and how Theodora, to whom love could not come, had to make her claim on illusion.

The second part of the novel grows increasingly subjective and dreamlike. The story finds Theodora, in middle age, grasping at the freedom which her mother's death has brought. That freedom takes her homelessly through Europe to a pension above the Mediterranean among other homeless people. Here in the "Jardin Exotique," while Hitler-youth are marching in the German cities and the first bombs are raining on Spain, a group of assorted nationals live in restive removal from the world. It is a very different world from Meroë, and it leaves Theodora with a sense of waste. Here the writing becomes oblique and elliptic, with a good many pages that resist comprehension. Yet there is a growing sense of the contrast between this homeless colony in the pension and the lost, cherished home of Meroë. The burning of the Hotel du Midi brings an end to a half-real narrative of dreamlike people.

The final part of Theodora's story finds her in America—on a transcontinental train bound for California. The tension in her is not apparent, perhaps even to herself. But it takes her in the darkness of night, dresses her in the swaying berth, and puts her off at a lonely station in what might be New Mexico. Her final groping for attachment to the world is poignantly and obscurely presented. The kindness in her reaches out, and the darkness in her deepens. The two merge together, until she has quite lost her hold on this world that is so tangible in appearance but so elusive to her grasp. She makes a final pathetic gesture of kindling a fire in a deserted house in the mountains. This is all that her freedom has led her to, and her full story confirms what she had told her niece before her freedom began: "Either there is very little to learn, or else we learn very little."

Among the Silences

THE EARTH BENEATH. By Harold Heslop. New York: The John Day Co. 1947. 305 *pp.* $3.

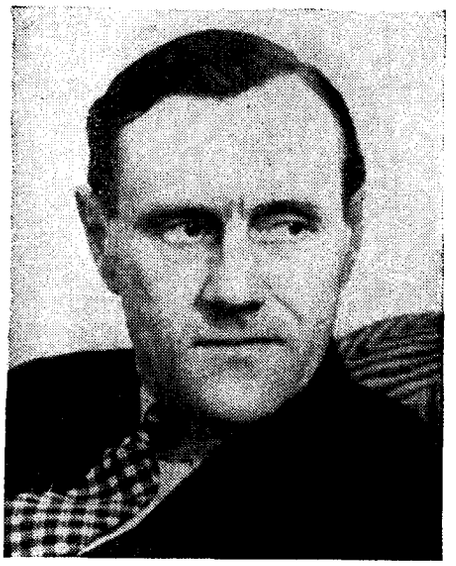
Reviewed by BENJAMIN APPEL

HAROLD HESLOP, author of this book, worked in the *beneath* of England's coal mines for fourteen years as had his father and grandfather before him. The two older Heslops spent a total of 113 years among the silences that the author-coal miner describes so graphically; the silence of the mine roof, the silence of the roof supports "with their strange primeval glints," the silence of the props, "the silence of comfort and reassurance," "the weeping silence of the coal."

The novel begins in the time of Heslop's grandfather at the very beginning almost of the industrial age when the new coal pits were called the New Land. John Akers, the farming son of a farmer who loses title to his farm, walks to the New Land across the purple heather, across the dales and through the wilderness. He is driven by the same force that a

(*Continued on page* 25)

Norman Katkov "cast himself with [his characters] upon the rushing torrent of events."



Patrick White "establishes complex characters and half-hidden relationships."

Harold Heslop "does not dig into characters as deeply as into coal villages."

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History in the Making.

In the untutored state of the American imagination there was once plenty of room in the nebulous regions of Eastern Europe for a mythical "Ruritania." But two wars, which brought U-boats from Europe to our very shores (see Morison's "Battle of the Atlantic," reviewed here), have increased our geographical knowledge so that we can now distinguish the real Rumania or Bulgaria from the fictional Ruritania. Our political knowledge of the region, however—not yet so firm—can be bolstered with books like Hal Lehrman's recent "Russia's Europe"; or R. H. Markham's "Tito's Imperial Communism" and Robert St. John's forthcoming "The Silent People Speak" on Yugoslavia. . . . Miss Sulkin's record of her European conversations in "Continent in Limbo" is refreshing after more pontifical books of the type. For some European impressions of another genre, read Edmund Wilson's "Europe without Baedeker."

When Rome and Berlin Were in Flower

HUNGARY: THE UNWILLING SATELLITE. By John Flournoy Montgomery. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. 1947. 281 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by EMIL LENGYEL

DURING eight historic years, until 1941, John F. Montgomery was United States Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Hungary. In this volume he records his observations and many exchanges of views with diplomats at that Danubian outpost. His main thesis is that Hungary was the Nazis' unwilling satellite, and he shows her maneuvering a hard course, playing the principal Axis partners against one another, when Rome and Berlin were in flower.

Hungarian diplomacy during the war emerges in this narrative as directed toward keeping Hitler quiet while attempting to spike his efforts. The author states that the Hungarians sent no more than token forces against the Russians, and withdrew even those as soon as they could. Hungary is described as the only country in Hitler's Europe with courage enough to give Jews a sanctuary.

Mr. Montgomery tells the story of Hungary's attempts to join the Allies during the later stages of the war, and publishes the substance of the arrangement between London and Budapest by which the latter offered to surrender unconditionally. The pact could not be carried out because the Western Allies decided to await Russian action in Danubia, rather than to pry open the back gate of "Festung Europa." Nevertheless, a tacit truce between the West and Hungary enabled Allied airmen to use the Hungarian skies as a military highway.

The author shows Hungary's interwar regent governor, Admiral Nicholas Horthy, a friend of the Allies and the Nazis' foe, and the leading Hungarian statesmen, leaning far toward America and Britain. He paints an engaging picture of Hungary's wartime premier, Nicholas de Kallay, while he depicts Foreign Minister Count Stephen Csaky as a veritable Munchhausen.

—*From "A Little Yes and a Big No," by George Grosz.*

"The Hungarians sent no more than token forces against the Russians."

The book contains much that will be new to the reader, especially in reproducing high-level conversations. At the same time, it should be read with caution. The author idealizes Horthy, considering him a tragic victim of historic forces beyond the ken of man. He should have pointed out that some of those forces were unleashed by Horthy himself when he assumed power after the First World War, the leader of a supernationalistic, irredentist, intolerant, sabre-rattling regime. It was in those days that little Hungary loomed so large on the ultra-reactionary sky. Later, Horthy mellowed considerably.

The author's "bête noire" seems to be Czechoslovakia's President Benes, whom he charges with having "played into the hands of Hitler. . . ." It is interesting to see Benes described as the man who fomented left-wing insurrection in Austria, and not to see it mentioned that his was the first Danubian country to offer a helping hand to Austria after the First World War.

Mr. Montgomery enters the lists against those who describe pre-war Hungary as feudal. While he concedes that Hungary had a badly balanced distribution of land, he also produces figures to prove that the land situation in Denmark was not much different. He seems to have forgotten the part of the Danish cooperatives. He is on much more familiar ground when writing about Hungarian aristocracy, recording the interesting fact that Archduchess Augusta was in the habit of smoking cigars at parties, and discussing the Hungarian custom of tipping in elaborate detail.

It is unfortunate that the book should contain so many erroneous statements, such as the story of the American State Department's refusal to grant an entry permit to Horthy's son. This was due, Mr. Montgomery states, to the work of a "Hungarian Communist-inspired weekly paper (with a circulation of hardly more than 500 copies a day)." That "Communist" newspaper failed in Hungary after the First World War because of its opposition to the then prevailing Communism. It is a matter of fairly common knowledge that our State Department would hesitate to follow a Communist line. Besides, it seems strange for a "weekly" paper to print even as little as 500 copies "daily."

It may be disturbing for some readers to learn from the author that "when the time comes for Japan to be our ally—as she might well be in the East—she will have to call upon her old militarists rather than a young modernly trained corps of officers." People may have gained the impression that the United States spent blood and money to beat the Japanese military clique. The author concludes that "our diplomatic service is certainly equal to or better than that of any other country." While this is no doubt true, it seems, after reading this book, that there must be exceptions to this rule.

Emil Lengyel, Hungarian-born American writer, educator, lecturer, is the author of many books, including "The Danube" (1939) *and "America's Role in World Affairs"* (1945).

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Grand Strategy and Action

THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1947. 414 pp. $6.

Reviewed by
CAPTAIN HARRY C. BUTCHER, USNR

ONE OF our heritages from the late President Roosevelt was his willingness to try new ideas. When Dr. Samuel Eliot Morison, the Jonathan Trumbull Professor of American History at Harvard, proposed the collection of Naval history as it was being made, Mr. Roosevelt not only endorsed the idea but was instrumental in causing Dr. Morison to be commissioned in the Naval Reserve. The fourteen-volume history of Naval operations in World War II is one happy result of Mr. Roosevelt's readiness to deviate from orthodox routine.

As a Naval captain, Dr. Morison didn't confine himself to mere desk reporting: he spent about half his time at sea during the war. He saw duty on eleven ships and when the war was over he could count seven battle stars on his ribbons for service in combat areas in the principal theatres. This, "The Battle of the Atlantic: September 1939 to May 1943" is the second published work, although chronologically it is the first of the series. The first book off the press dealt effectively with "Operations in North African Waters."

Like its predecessor, this report was also absorbing to one who had shared access to many top secret documents during the war. Dr. Morison has readably combined information about grand strategy and tactics with that of combat action, not only of the Allies but of the enemy. The two are sensibly and interestingly brought into focus in a manner which should appeal to those who were in uniform and to the general public as well.

A valuable part of the book is the introduction by Commodore Dudley W. Knox (Ret.) the senior historian of the United States Navy. The Commodore reports on the political setbacks suffered by the Navy between World Wars I and II. At the outset of European hostilities, Commodore Knox relates that

> with respect to ships, planes, and material in general the Navy had maintained superior standards of upkeep and operating efficiency, and of design corresponding to age. In 1939-1940 there was substantial shortage in numbers of both ships and planes as well as of personnel, as measured by the need of taking the early brunt of war on two oceans. Many battleships were of obsolete type. Our outlying Pacific bases were critically inadequate in number and facilities. These serious deficiencies were not the result of apathy or want of vision within the Navy itself but were largely due to three influences at work after World War I: (1) inequities in the international treaties limiting naval armaments; (2) persistent propaganda and lobbying against the Navy, led by many high-purposed organizations and individuals causing public prejudice; (3) the crusade, led by Brigadier General William Mitchell, U. S. Army, to supplant sea power with air power.

The Commodore reports that the British out-traded us in reaching the 5-5-3 ratio, particularly in the number of cruisers which the Royal Navy was permitted to retain. Our principal windfall seems to have been permission to convert two of our cruisers to the then experimental aircraft carriers, the *Lexington* and *Saratoga*, which ultimately gave stirring accounts of themselves. The Commodore's comment about the British winning the conference is all the more interesting in contrast to the repeated mention in Dr. Morison's report of British technical and tactical assistance to us before and during World War II.

With respect to General "Billy" Mitchell, the Commodore says, in part:

> Had his military and naval knowledge and experience been greater, his fanaticism for air as a virtual substitute for ground and sea power would have been more convincing. He was ignorant of naval affairs. His field of service on the ground in warfare was very limited, except as an observer. As to aviation experience, I am unable to find any record of his having been in combat with a hostile plane, although he was unquestionably a fine pilot and commander of land aviation forces. . . . On the whole, Mitchell's crusade against the Navy was unsoundly based and was conducted by persons wholly incompetent to evaluate the probabilities as to the impact of aviation on naval power. Nevertheless, the propaganda was very skilful and effective. It had followed the general pattern of proverbial crusading whose technique requires that sensational attack be leveled against someone or something. The Navy was Mitchell's most convenient target. His aim and volume of fire were excellent. Unquestionably he substantially weakened the Navy which was destined to begin World War II.

Perhaps the Commodore is rueful that the Navy did not have its own Billy Mitchell to tell as effectively the story of the Navy's proper place in modern warfare, as was amply demonstrated by the end of World War II.

Dr. Morison covers in considerable detail the "Short of War" policy under which the Navy was escorting convoys to Britain even before merchant ships under the American flag were barred from entering war zones as a part of America's effort to remain officially neutral. Actually our Naval ships were in a shooting war with the U-boats notwithstanding the neutrality policy.

Both Roosevelt and Churchill respected the need of adequate sea power and both also foresaw the need of bringing together the staff brains of the two countries to plan our mutual assistance in event of war. Out of these discussions held in February and March 1941, fully nine months before Pearl Harbor, came the basic strategic conception of World War II —beat Hitler first. Both countries stuck to this strategy until Hitler's forces were beaten, but not without

"Blood on the Deck," by Tom Lea.

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withstanding considerable pressure in Congress and from the Pacific forces to allot more fighting men and supplies with which to battle the Japanese.

> Whether this decision [says Dr. Morison] would have been the same had it been reached after the Pearl Harbor attack, may be questioned. Had there been no basic agreement and war plan, emotion and public opinion might then have dictated a concentration of American armed forces against Japan, as all fascist sympathizers in the United States vociferously advocated. But by that time United States Naval forces had been so deployed that no responsible military authority could have advised a turnover.

Proceeding to his coverage of the actual fighting in the Atlantic, Dr. Morison recounts that during the first six months of 1942, losses of the American Merchant Marine already surpassed those suffered during the entire course of World War I.

> This writer [continues Dr. Morison] cannot avoid the conclusion that the United States Navy was woefully unprepared, materially and mentally, for the U-boat blitz on the Atlantic Coast that began in January 1942. He further believes that, apart from the want of air power which was due to prewar agreements with the Army, this unpreparedness was largely the Navy's own fault. Blame cannot justly be imputed to Congress, for Congress had never been asked to provide a fleet of subchasers and small escort vessels; nor to the people at large, because they looked to the Navy for leadership. Nor can it be shifted to President Roosevelt, who on sundry occasions prompted the Bureau of Ships and the General Board of the Navy to adopt a small-craft program; but as he once observed, "The Navy couldn't see any vessel under a thousand tons." In the end the Navy met the challenge, applied its energy and intelligence, came through magnificently and won; but this does not alter the fact that it had no plans ready for a reasonable protection to shipping when the submarines struck, and was unable to improvise them for several months.

Dr. Morison frequently takes us behind the German lines to see how Hitler's supermen are conducting their side of the U-boat war. This he does with information from German official documents captured after the war. Admiral Karl Doenitz, in charge of submarines, reported directly to Hitler.

Probably the toughest assignment on the sea was the North Russia Run which, with the battles with U-boats in the Atlantic and Caribbean, Dr. Morison describes with facts and deep feeling. It would be helpful to current Anglo-Russo-American relations if this chapter could be told to the Russians, perhaps by the State Department's short-wave broadcasts.

Europe After Peace Broke Out

CONTINENT IN LIMBO. By Edith Sulkin. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1947. 304 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by SAUL PADOVER

EDITH SULKIN went to Europe the first winter after peace broke out and in "Continent in Limbo" she tells what she saw and, particularly, heard. She had been born in Russia, had lived in a number of European countries before the war, and had studied in the United States. Her former European contacts and knowledge of languages, mainly the Slavic and German, were of great assistance in her survey of post-war England, Sweden, Norway, Finland, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Holland, and Germany.

She talked to many people, mostly ordinary people but also intellectuals, and got down their reactions to the world, to the war, to politics, to everyday life. The result of these conversations is this report that is vivid and real. Reading "Continent in Limbo" is like reading personal letters, addressed to the family circle, by a very intelligent young woman traveling abroad. No less and not much more.

Mrs. Sulkin's chapter on Sweden is perhaps the most interesting part of the book. She was surprised by the comfort, the wealth, the smugness, the gleaming prosperity of the Swedes, who were apparently unmoved by the misery of the Continent around them. Stockholm was a boom town, wallowing in luxury at a time when virtually all of Europe was horribly hungry. The Swedes, Mrs. Sulkin brings out, had been *really* neutral during the war — not merely neutral politically, for which they could be forgiven, but neutral spiritually and intellectually. Most of them, it seems, saw no difference between the Nazis and the democracies. Even the suffering and heroism of their Norwegian cousins had not shaken the Swedes in their determination to be luxury-enjoying bystanders while millions of people the world over were fighting and dying for freedom. (Ireland, it will be recalled, had also been politically neutral, but nevertheless tens of thousands of Irishmen had volunteered in the British armed forces. There were not many Swedish fighters in anti-fascist ranks.

Edith Sulkin's book "is like reading personal letters by a very intelligent young woman traveling abroad."

What accounts for such spiritual atrophy in a highly socialized and most progressive nation? Mrs. Sulkin mentions that the Swedish ruling class and the army were pro-German, and probably also pro-Nazi. But what about the wonderfully organized working class which is socialist? They were just as neutral—that is, benevolent in their attitude towards Hitler —as the army officers. They had achieved a considerable degree of socialism in one country and, like the middle class, they were enveloped in the glow and joy of pure materialism. Fighting meant losing something. But subconsciously the decent Swedes felt defensive and gave evidence of moral discomfort in the presence of those who had fought and suffered.

In Finland Mrs. Sulkin found strong anti-Russian and pro-Nazi feeling. The Finns had been Hitler's loyal fighting ally and the country was still reactionary. Hella Wuolijoki, Finland's radio chief who was trying to re-educate her countrymen, said: "They're stupid and stubborn." The Russians were not interfering in Finland's internal affairs but they were adamant about reparations. "As long as the Finns pay their reparations on time," a Russian journalist said, "they can do whatever they please; we don't care."

Mrs. Sulkin's account of Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Germany is equally vivid and thoughtful. The Czechs were enthusiastic about the new world they were building, the Poles were full of determination to reconstruct their country, the Germans were as usual full of self-pity, complaints, and bitterness. Russo-American rivalry, Mrs. Sulkin observed, was aggravating the German situation and encouraging the worst aspects of Germany.

"Continent in Limbo," without adding anything much new to our knowledge of Europe, is nevertheless most readable and observant. It has freshness, even though it describes people and events of about two years ago.

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Poland Graveyard

BETWEEN FEAR AND HOPE. By S. L. Shneiderman. New York: Arco Publishing Co. 1947. 316 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

AS FAR as news goes, it is probably the chapters on Stanislaw Mikolajczek which will be most interesting to readers in this generally very interesting book. According to its author—a native of Poland himself who traveled extensively in that country late in 1946, or early this year—Mikolajczek's position as the leader of the legal opposition was "paradoxical." "He claimed to speak for the traditional principles of political democracy . . . yet the most shady elements hoped for his victory in the . . . elections." His party, "although originally formed by peasants who opposed the reactionary Pilsudski regime" had been "flooded by a mass infiltration of reactionary elements, especially by underground opposition," and "those reactionaries have been supporting Mikolajczek in his opposition . . . but would not support his democratic principles if he tried to put them into practice." It is the sad story, apparently, of unbidden bedfellows which all non-Communist, or anti-Communist, leaders experience these days—and not only in Eastern Europe.

Mr. Shneiderman has been working for many years for Jewish newspapers in western countries. He is concerned primarily with Jewish affairs. Thus his book is another story about "homecoming," another native's return to the graves of his community and its charred shambles. If you still care about the "episode" of the Battle of the Warsaw Ghetto, here is the most clearly arranged report on it as yet published in this country, complete with excerpts of what the commander of the attacking Germans wrote home about his exploits, and the almost unbelievable story of the sole survivor, an adolescent girl whom the Germans, after keeping for several months in prison, then killed in cold blood.

But here, alas, is also an extensive account of the Kielce pogrom of July 1946—an "episode" different in degree only, not in spirit, from the massacre in the ghetto. On the whole, Mr. Shneiderman is pessimistic about the chances for the pitiful remnants of the Polish Jews in their native country, though he pays repeated tribute to the attempts of the government to extirpate anti-Jewish violence. Oddly enough, the region least infested with anti-semitism is Silesia, the former German province of the new Poland.

Belles-Lettres.

Of the many books on Russia which have appeared in recent years, Reavey's "Soviet Literature Today" may prove to be, curiously enough, one of the most useful in understanding that country. For the literature of a nation provides a key to its culture, its state of mind, its beliefs. Read with other careful, unbiased studies like Vera Micheles Dean's "The United States and Russia," Reavey's book may do much to clear up misconceptions and misunderstandings obscuring the greatest problem of our day. . . . Our own literary history is distinguished by the contributions of many of our Supreme Court Justices who have risen above their function to guide and enrich our literature and our thought. The art of statesmanlike writing has been kept alive in the Court by such figures as Jay, Marshall, Holmes, Hughes, and Cardozo, whose selected writings are reviewed below.

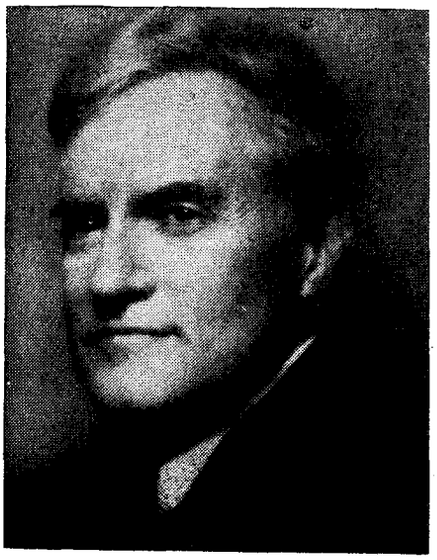
Jurisprudence's Tenth Immortal

SELECTED WRITINGS OF BENJAMIN NATHAN CARDOZO. Edited by Margaret E. Hall. New York: Fallon Law Book Co. 1947. 456 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by NEWMAN LEVY

SEVERAL years ago Roscoe Pound wrote, "To speak only of the dead, there have been nine outstanding judges in American judicial history." After naming them he added, "When the future historian of American law comes some day to add a tenth name to the list of our greatest judges we may be sure that it will be Mr. Justice Cardozo."

No one will question the soundness of this judgment. Although only nine years have passed since his death, the right of Justice Cardozo to rank among the immortals of jurisprudence is universally recognized. No judge in our history, with the exception of Holmes, offered such a rare combination of legal erudition, judicial poise, and broad, humanistic culture.



Benjamin Nathan Cardozo . . . "a rare combination of legal erudition, judicial poise, and broad, humanistic culture."

Judge Cardozo's writings consist of his judicial opinions in the New York Court of Appeals from 1917 to 1932; his opinions in the Supreme Court of the United States from 1932 until his death in 1938; his four memorable volumes on legal matters; and his occasional essays and public addresses. The opinions are in the official reports; the rest is collected in the present volume.

The four books, "Nature of the Judicial Process," "Paradoxes of Legal Science," "Growth of the Law," and "Law and Literature," which are reprinted here in full, are recognized legal classics. The other contributions to this collection have been largely inaccessible, and a debt of gratitude is due to the editor, Margaret E. Hall, for bringing them together in one volume. They include not only Cardozo's public addresses, delivered in the fulness of his maturity, but his commencement oration, delivered upon his graduation from Columbia in 1889, an undergraduate essay on Matthew Arnold, and excerpts from his student psychology notes.

Much has been written about Cardozo's contribution to legal thought. The excellent bibliography appended to this collection lists several pages of books and articles by distinguished legal students. Shortly after his death *Columbia Law Review, Harvard Law Review,* and *Yale Law Review* jointly dedicated their January 1939 issue to him, containing articles by such eminent leaders as Harlan F. Stone, Lord Maugham, Learned Hand, and Felix Frankfurter, to name just a few.

It is impossible, and, in fact, it is unnecessary in a brief review such as this to attempt to summarize and evaluate Judge Cardozo's contribu-

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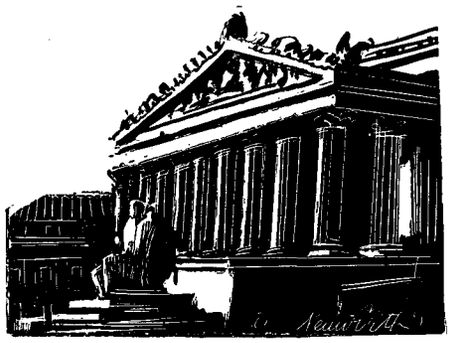
tion to jurisprudence. This has been done, and will continue to be done, by judges, lawyers, and scholars. The particular interest at the moment, of this book is that in addition to making conveniently available in one volume Cardozo's views on law and the judicial function, it reveals in his own words a clearer portrait of the great man who was so recently among us.

Those who were privileged to know Judge Cardozo remember him as a shy, gentle, and lovable person. Franklin D. Roosevelt, then Governor of New York, writing to Cardozo upon his resignation from the Court of Appeals, began his letter, "Beloved Chief Justice." That was the feeling of everyone who ever came in contact with him. Lawyers who appeared before him when he was Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals still remember with affection his patience and kindly courtesy.

As we read these pages we discern the soul-searching struggle that went on within him to find some certainty, some philosophical basis for judicial decisions. We see an extraordinary combination of profound learning, great intellectual power, and rare humility and modesty. "They do things better with logarithms," he wrote. "The wail escapes me now and then when, after putting forth the best that is in me, I look upon the finished product, and cannot say that it is good."

There was little uncertainty, however, in his judicial determinations. On the bench he displayed the sureness of well-equipped craftsmanship. His doubts, as these pages reveal, were the doubts of the philosopher groping for eternal verities.

There is no doubt that his humility was sincere. Writing to Nicholas Murray Butler about his book, "The Paradoxes of Legal Science," he says, "I have a wretched sinking feeling as I survey the bound volumes. How



did I ever bring myself to believe that the lectures were worth publishing? That is always my feeling at the beginning. I can only hope that time will soften it."

Humor, too, was one of Cardozo's charms. It is a graceful, shy, almost apologetic humor that glows in these writings and speeches. I have a letter from him that I cherish highly. I had mentioned his name somewhat irreverently in some verses I had written, and he sent me a note about it. "You have made me immortal," he wrote, "for a short time."

Cardozo has been acclaimed as a literary stylist, and his writings are regarded by many, irrespective of their legal content, as an important contribution to English letters. I confess that when I used to read his opinions as a professional duty when they appeared in the law reports I was often irritated at their stilted artificiality. His fondness for inverted construction, his carefully cadenced eighteenth-century prose sounded somewhat precious to a struggling lawyer who was seeking, not prose poems, but an interpretation of the Pythian oracles that were currently being handed down from Albany.

He reads better today, and those who still read Walter Pater for pleasure will join in the almost unanimous chorus of acclamation. His judicial pronouncements lack the majesty of Holmes and his seeming effortlessness, which is the essence of good writing. Cardozo not only wrestled with his soul, he seems to have struggled with equal fervor for the right adjective and the appropriate metaphor.

This comment on style may, perhaps, be carping and trivial in discussing one who is assured of immortality. Cardozo was a great man; one of the greatest our age has produced. He was, beyond that, a great human being. We are lucky to have the present collection which discloses in an abundant measure his greatness.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

CITIES IN BOOK TITLES

In each of the titles listed below the name of a city has been omitted. Can you fill in the blanks? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 29.

1. Sherwood Anderson: ....., Ohio
2. Philip Barry: The ..... Story
3. Pierre de Beaumarchais: The Barber of .....
4. Henry Bellamann: ....
5. Ann Bridge: ..... Picnic
6. Louis Bromfield: Night in .....
7. Katharine Brush: Young Man of .....
8. Lord Byron: Maid of .....
9. Agatha Christie: Murder in the ..... Coach
10. Edna Ferber: ..... Trunk
11. John Hersey: A Bell for .....
12. Margaret Leech: Reveille in .....
13. Elliot Paul: The Last Time I Saw .....
14. William Shakespeare: The Merchant of .....
15. William L. Shirer: ..... Diary
16. Betty Smith: A Tree Grows in .....
17. Maurice Thompson: Alice of Old .....
18. Oscar Wilde: The Ballad of ..... Gaol
19. Alexander Woollcott: While ..... Burns
20. Rida Johnson Young: Little Old ....

Culture in USSR

SOVIET LITERATURE TODAY. By George Reavey. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1947. 187 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by D. Fedotoff White

THE author of this excellent volume was born in Russia of British parents. A Cambridge University graduate, he spent three years in Soviet Russia (1942-1945) as deputy press attaché at the British Embassy in the USSR. During this period he had occasion to meet a number of Soviet writers and also an opportunity to study at first hand their way of life and the conditions under which they work.

Mr. Reavey has used this rare opportunity exceedingly well. His knowledge of the Russian language and his extensive studies of Russian literature stood him in good stead during his sojourn in the Soviet Union. He has written a well-balanced and penetrating study of contemporary Soviet literature, concerned mainly with the war years and the current transition period. He is not only well informed but has the gift of lucid and pungent expression.

In its scope the book is more comprehensive than what is at times

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called "literary history." Mr. Reavey has not been satisfied with analyzing the trends in Soviet literature during the last decade. He has also sought to trace the reflection in it of the "march of Soviet life" and has discussed the relation between critic and writer, the government direction and control of literature, Soviet publishing houses, and the Union's literary magazines.

Of his aims, the author writes:

> If it [the book] also helps to throw some light on the processes at work, their direction, and the general movement of Soviet society — that "unprecedented and unbelievable state, rushing headlong into the ages," as Pasternak called it in his "Safe Conduct" (1931) — then my purpose will be doubly served.

The so-called Socialist Realism came to the fore about 1932, and was further developed during the war years. The pages dealing with this important guiding thread of Soviet literature are among the best in the book. The author has eminently succeeded in presenting an objective and acute analysis of this leading tenet and of its application in practice.

Another important part of this volume is concerned with the idea of the hero in Soviet fiction. The author examines the emergence in the Soviet Union of "the idea of a new humanism which lays fresh stress on the noble aspects of human nature such as love, loyalty, devotion, self-sacrifice, originality, creative genius and the discipline of harmonious human relations." Mr. Reavey concludes that in its outlook the image of this hero "is a positive one; and in so far as it reacts to and reflects back on life, it is an open invitation for potential genius to come forward and in its turn mould the reality of the future."

The course taken by Soviet Russia since the end of the war makes Mr. Reavey think that "the lines of development that had taken shape during the war," may be impeded by "the renewed concentration on 'current problems'."

On the all-important question of cultural understanding between East and West, the author makes the rueful remark that "the USSR has gone into a monastic retreat again . . . and 'hostile bourgeois ideology' will be the butt against which the new invective will be directed. This seems to suggest that we all have not been very successful so far in constructing post-war bridges."

This volume is an outstanding contribution to the understanding of cultural life of the USSR. It is sympathetic in its approach, but Mr. Reavey deems truth a greater friend than Plato.

Love Poem

By Edith Henrich

WHERE the sun never shone the trees had golden apples;
the leaves were diamond where twelve princesses
danced until midnight, wearing out their shoes.

Pictures were proof of the terrible river
which had to be swum, of the fire-spitting dragon,
and the mountain of glass, the incredible mountain,
which had to be climbed before the maiden was won.
How calmly she waited, combing her tresses,
combing her knee-length tresses of gold
among the red and white roses beside her bright fountain!

In the huge black words on the beautiful white pages
many countries were traveled, many histories were told.
Often the good or brave was lost in a forest,
but never quite lost, never lost beyond finding,
for always when strength was spent, when feet
could no longer
move forward, and breath failed, and faith was
no stronger
than sleep or almost death,—
there would be on the path
a hare who knew the way,
or a bird who would say,
"Follow me. I shall drop a blue feather every yard,
till you come to the border and are out of the wood."
Sometimes the clenched hand would suddenly recall
the forgotten talisman; the pebble which could,
when rubbed, bring the genii to guide and to guard.
But almost always a small animal stood
with animal wisdom in the treacherous path,
or a little twisted dwarf whose beard was caught
would scream
curses in his wrath,
and demand with angry cries
freedom for himself like a creature in the night
like terror in a dream—
but, once freed, always would give valuable advice.

You also have come far, as far as the sad prince,
as the weeping princess in her black velvet gown,
as the unwanted child, punished, outcast,
with no turning back,—and are no less lost.
You are no less lost though your feet press down
on the very place that was pressed by mine.
Oh my Beloved, forsake, forsake
Your mind's long argument, the rigid hope, the strong
but formulated dream which led you here!

Life pushes up from under: here many a fine
prince paused to wonder, saying, "I thought I heard" . . .
saying, "Am I alone?"
saying, "This journey has been too hard, too long."
Is there no creature part of you to make
a new meaning clear?
Oh, listen well!

In your dark pocket is there no small,
hard stone
to touch with your hands? Are you
sure there is none?
No pebble? no shell? Are you sure
you cannot hear
a leprechaun's lewd word?
Oh, my most dear,
listen well! listen well!
Is there no gray hare?
Is there no bird?

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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The Voice of the Eagle

MR. SMITH'S eagle flies again! Last week in this space, my editorial associate returned with vigor to his favorite theme, the need for an all-powerful America as a national Gibraltar against coming world-wide storms.

Mr. Smith's arguments on behalf of greatness through power have been effectively developed on these pages before, beginning with his "Let the Eagle Scream" editorial of last spring. We differed with him then; we differ with him now. There is no argument about the fact that our security is threatened, no argument about the dangerous deterioration in the world picture since the end of the war, no argument about the critical need for America to devise adequate protection for herself and her institutions.

The main argument, as usual, is of the what-to-do-about-it variety. Mr. Smith, it seems to us, believes that power makes greatness. Implicity or explicitly, he calls for a supreme harnessing of the nation's force, with all that that involves: assembling our atomic, air, naval and military might for any contingency.

The problem being what it is, and the times being what they are, we doubt whether you can find either security or greatness today by looking for it through a gun barrel. American security today depends primarily not upon its own physical strength but upon the creation and operation of a world security structure with adequate powers to make and enforce world law. The nature of the new warfare is such that the aggressor is not only heavily favored, but in many respects decisively favored. Some military experts have made the telling observation that the ability to retaliate in modern warfare, even by a nation which enjoyed superior force, is no longer assured. But even if retaliation is possible, it is hardly an exhilarating thought to know that after forty millions of our own citizens are killed in the first wave of an attack, we can probably kill sixty millions of the enemy.

This does not mean that America should throw away her weapons under a see-no-evil, know-no-evil, placid and pacifist policy. Unilateralism with respect to disarmament is as dangerous as any other form of unilateralism in the world today. All it does mean is that if the United Nations is our "first line of defense," as the President has stated, then the least we can do is to act as though we actually believed it. Did we believe it at San Francisco when *we*, along with the Russians, insisted on the veto, because we were unwilling to become part of any international authority which had compulsory jurisdiction? Did we believe it when we virtually set aside the Trusteeship provisions of the Charter for military unilateralism in the Pacific? Did we believe it when we said we were going into Greece with men and arms because the UN lacked the power to deal with the problem—not only without saying that we would be willing for our part to give the UN the power it would need for such an emergency, but by acting first, then telling the UN about it afterwards?

The fact of the matter is that neither this government nor Soviet Russia has taken the United Nations seriously. Both in Washington and Moscow, the type of thinking expressed by Mr. Smith in his editorial is dominant: security through unilateral power, not security through attempting to define any logical limits to the competition between the two countries for the mutual benefit of both. Both nations not only fathered the veto but have been unwilling to accept a higher sovereignty carrying the power of compulsory jurisdiction backed by preponderant force. And in the absence of such an authority, it is inevitable that each of the two giant powers would attempt either to prevent the European and Far East power vacuum from being filled by the other, or to fill that vacuum for purposes of its own policy. In either case, the security race is competitive and combustible.

What about the Russians? Would they go along with a proposal to give the United Nations the powers of a limited world government operating in the area of common security? Right now for America, however, the important question is what we ourselves are willing to do. Would we be willing to be part of such a vastly strengthened UN? Until we decide, we cannot in good grace speculate on what others would be willing to do.

BUT not until we ourselves make that decision will we be able to come to grips with the problem of getting the Russians to come along. All we can do is to make the proposals for world law in utmost good faith, making it clear that what we are urging is not an organized coalition against any member but a chance for all members to achieve a higher security than any can obtain individually. Those who subscribe to those principles have the obligation to go forward; those who do not will probably remain outside—if they can afford the multiple disadvantages of moral and physical isolation from the world community.

Naturally, until such time as such a strengthened world organization comes into being, America cannot afford to deprive itself even of the hypothetical security offered by military stockpiling. But let us at least make no mistake in our own thinking about where reasonable security resides, or about the fact that a first line of defense necessarily comes first.

N. C.

Prayer by Moonlight

By Roberta Teale Swartz

NO LEAF is left unmoistened by the dew
Tonight, no single blade unglittering
With the moon's mica fallen to the grass.
How swift your hours until the moon must pass
To sun once more, and dry leaves in the tree,
And the bells that sound from Holy Trinity,
And children summer crisp along the path!
Only the tower there will be as tense;
Only the table of the truth as still.

Feed me no wafer but experience!
No wine but the rich garnet pour of time
Tasting of pain and danger as you will.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Two for the Gauntlet

SIR: In *SRL* Dec. 13, by ascribing "Master Race" qualities to the persecuted Chosen, described as "this cultured, ancient, and passionately believing people," your editor has squarely laid down the gauntlet. "For," says your editor, "there is no greater arrogance than that of the persecuted man, conscious of his superiority and ancient lineage, over the barbarians."

As a barbarian I might tell my Jewish friends to get down off their high horse, if they want us to love them. But as a Christian I perforce am obliged to try to love them, high horse or no high horse. It would help me a lot if the Jews would turn the quality of their alleged superiority into the channel of outdoing the Christian in the ethics of Christianity. By loving God, and his neighbor, more than the Christian does. Then we Christian barbarians may escape the need for "Jewish magnanimity."

WILLIAM S. MAXWELL.

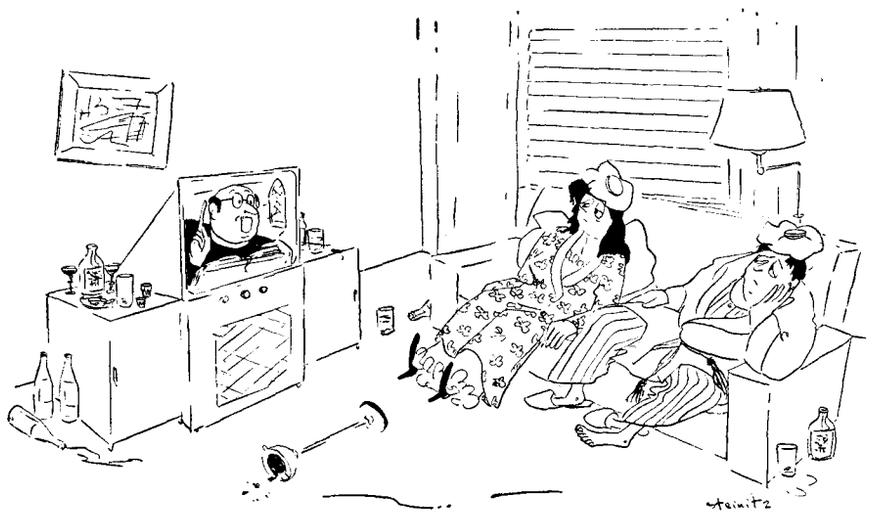
Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: It is with cosiderable interest that I read Mr. Harrison Smith's views on "Kingsblood Royal" and "Gentlemen's Agreement." And I quite well agree with his estimate of these books, but when he launches into the historic and philosophic entities of anti-Semitism I find myself not quite believing what he says.

Mr. Smith says: "most Jews want and should want to be considered as Jews." One of the wonderful phenomena of our civilization is various Gentiles interpreting what Jews want and trying to tell them what they should want. If I may be pardoned the digression, I have discovered that there are three things everyone is an expert about: (1) Jews, (2) books, (3) plays, though usually it is expected that the expert should have seen or read the play. I once stood in a department store in Madras, and was told all about the Jews by a Hindu who admitted he never had seen one. When I told him I was a Jew, he simply refused to believe me. . . . I suppose because I did not fit his preconceptions. Some of his preconceptions were akin to Mr. Smith's.

To go back to Mr. Smith's "most Jews want to and should want to be considered as Jews." I do not know that this is true. I believe that most Jews in the United States wish to be considered as Americans, of the Jewish faith or lack of faith, and somehow vaguely related to the Hebrew people of antiquity. I do not believe that any Jew in the last war, or in the War of the American Revolution, fought as a Jew or for Jews, or anything of the sort. These people fought as Americans, and for what they believe to be the life and promise of the United States.

This sort of emotion is no longer true of most of the Jews of Europe. It has been burned out of them by the dreadful holocaust in which five or six million Jews went on the great funeral pyre of "Christian Civilization." I mean that the Jews of Poland, Bulgaria, and Germany have made it plain



that most of them never again will succumb to the illusion that they are German or Polish or Bulgarian, in no way wish to contribute to the German, Polish, or Bulgarian civilization, and under no circumstances wish to fight or die in the German, Polish, or Bulgarian armies they once served. These remnants of European Jewry have been polled in the concentration camps in which many of them still are (our own Army took the poll) and these followers of a certain faith, who may be vaguely related to the ancient Hebrew, voted most overwhelmingly on forms distributed by the United States Army that their first choice of a place to go was Palestine, second choice: crematorium.

This means that these people, after their terrible experiences in the modern world, have no faith in any state, excepting the one that they themselves might build in Palestine. This is a fact peculiar to their history. There has been the fact of homelessness in Jewish history for the last two thousand years, and the strange instinct of normalcy amongst the Jews in the United States makes them want to be Americans — whereas the strong instinct of normalcy amongst the members of this faith or race in the concentration camps, makes them want to establish their own country.

Mr. Smith says: "And the rest of us should not be willing to have the special qualities that this astonishing people have brought to our civilization merged and lost." I do not know that the Jews are an "astonishing" people. I regard all such phrases as a special disservice to the Jews. There is nothing astonishing about them. Even their antiquity is not truly astonishing. There are some other peoples in the modern world with an equally astonishing if not greater antiquity, the Egyptians, for instance, or the Chinese. There are other peoples who have survived astonishing persecutions, the Armenians for instance, and the Syrians. And indeed, if the Jews are as astonishing as Mr. Smith suggests, why should we not be willing to have their qualities merged and lost in our civilization? Why should we not have all good, valuable, or astonishing qualities in our civilization? Or does Mr. Smith wish to perpetuate some sort of ghetto where besides all else there are "astonishing" qualities? What is this kind of precept doing in American writing, and in the world of today? And even if the precept were valuable rather than ignoble, modern communication, the very necessity of the modern man for the absorption and integration of ideas prevents the possibility.

Mr. Smith goes on to say, "What ferment was there in this small and poor group of men and women from an arid land, whose blood has been diluted by migration and centuries of intermarriage, that makes the Jew a burning problem in America today?"

Is "the Jew a burning problem in America today"? I will try and deal with this—let me first list my concept of some burning problems in America today: (1) housing, (2) inflation, (3) drunkenness, (4) neurasthenia, (5) divorce. And I could go on, only we all know, though few of us are willing to face the fact, that the American Government, the Congress, the present state of American social and moral responsibility cannot ably tangle with the problems of (1) housing, (2) inflation, (3) drunkenness, (4) neurasthenia, (5) divorce, which are shredding the social fabric of America to pieces. But any non-housed, inflated, drunken, and divorced neurasthenic can expert on the Jew, and make him a burning problem, or a problem for burning—this is the age-old pattern and use of anti-Semitism in every civilization that cannot solve its problems and needs what Mr. Smith calls a scapegoat.

The brands for the burning are age-old superstitions revolving about phrases such as "these astonishing people" and the "innate superiority, as we have often suspected, of this cultured, ancient, and passionately believing people over the unthinking masses of mankind." Thank you awfully, Mr. Smith, for this compliment that I, personally, as a Jew, do not want, and that I believe has immemorially damaged all persons known as Jews. It is not merely that I do not want the compliment; I do not believe it to be true. Even I may fall into that dreadful pitfall of experting on

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the Jews, but I have not only not found them astonishing, but have found endless numbers of them totally uncultured, with no more consciousness or quality of anciency than any other hoodlums, urchins, or what have you, and as for their being "passionately believing people," not a word of it is true. If Mr. Smith were to fend for his phrase, which is another of those phrases in the stock in trade of the experts on Jews, in what have the Jews so passionately believed? Though they were the first, as far as their own records are concerned, to believe in the one God, even this is subject to dispute. And even if we have to go down to the bottom of the barrel of history to find some figment to support Mr. Smith's remarks, I assure him that millions of people of other races have believed the same thing with equal passion or lack of passion. It is true that a long time ago some of the Hebrews believed themselves to be "the chosen people" because their priests told them so. But all peoples believe this when the orders go down through channel that this is what they should believe. Right now the American people believe themselves the greatest and most wondrous people on earth and chosen to be the saviours of mankind—largely because they are told that this is so. The Russian people believe the same thing, and for the same reason. From the most recent indications the Germans still believe it. I met a Frenchman recently who told me that the beautiful French civilization was being crushed between the onslaughts of two massive barbarians, the USA and the USSR, and if you look at it from his point of view there might be something to it.

In other words, I do not deny that some of the Jews, sometime, somewhere, believed something, but what of it? Sample the American Jew today and try to find out what he believes in so passionately. I think you will find him as dispassionately believing in most things as most of the surrounding members of the society in which he lives.

Now there is the matter of "innate superiority." Again we are in a superior position, put high up into it by our friend who has constructed another intellectual gallows from which we dangle. I deny that the Jews are in any way superior to "unthinking mankind." I have met a lot of Jews, some of my best friends are Jews, and I have found them awfully unthinking. And when I think of those Jews who fought in all those German armies, and believed that they would ultimately be Germans thereby, or Bulgarians, or Poles, I could almost say that those Jews are amongst the most foolish and unthinking people this earth has ever seen. Please do not give us these wondrous advantages that we do not claim, and that are in no way true. The worst of it is, Mr. Smith, by the repetition of this stuff, you will not only have Gentiles believing it, but Jews will believe it. I expect any day now to meet some stupid Jew who will try and convince me of his "innate superiority" and to cap the climax he will say, "And I give you Mr. Harrison Smith as my authority."

In his thrashing about at different aspects of the matter, I think Mr. Smith has hit upon some truths. He gives as a reason of anti-Semitism that "it is a human failing to hate and wish to obliterate the memory of men you have injured." I think there is some truth in this and no one known as a Jew can help you with it. If you have a bad conscience about the Jews, or about your wife, or about your children, the only way you can square it is to understand what brought the whole thing about, and not to wish to make more trouble for yourself or your wife or your children or the Jews.

Mr. Smith goes on to say, "The man burned at the stake, or crucified, should stay dead." But of course this cannot happen, as long as Man is constituted as he is. The crucified does not stay dead, he lingers in the memory of man. If the Jews and Gentiles alike, in the United States, had in the

last number of years, truly and violently objected to and prevented the crucifixion of five or six million Jews in Europe, they would all have a better conscience about it. If today Mr. Smith and I were to violently voice objection to the Jews still in the concentration camps of Europe, still to this day guarded by the same guards that guarded them under the Nazis, Mr. Smith and I would both have a better conscience about it. If Mr. Smith and I could together voice our horror at the British Empire picking up some of the Hitler methods about the Jews, he and I would have a better conscience about it. If Mr. Smith and I could have seen to it, or at least tried to have a more sensible, decent, and honorable partition of Palestine, which is the only hope of those people still in the concentration camps, he and I would have a better conscience about it. The difference between Mr. Smith and myself on this subject is that I am not falsely dignifying the people in those concentration camps by making them "astonishing" and "passionately believing" and all that sort of nonsense which makes more trouble for them. They are merely the lowly, the bereaved, the stupid, and the maimed who are on our conscience because we have done nothing about them. It took a Jew to say, "As ye do unto the least of them, so do ye unto me," but it is not because he was a Jew that he said it; it was because he was a poet and a great human being, and many another race has had poets and great human beings, and great words. The point is that these words having been said, like most words they remain merely said, and have no true living entity in our civilization—or else these people would not be in the concentration camps and Mr. Smith and I would not have a bad conscience about it.

Mr. Smith goes on to say that it is man's intolerance to man that is a problem. I suppose this is true, not merely with regard to the Jews, but with regard to how you feel about your Aunt Minnie or your estranged wife, or the son that has disappointed you. I do not know what we can do about it, except bridge the vast gap between our lives and the things we pretend to think. It is my belief that in this respect today the American nation and what is known as "Christian Civilization" are suffering from schizophrenia. We proudly declare on the Fourth of July or Easter Sunday that "all men are created free and equal" and that there is "the Resurrection and the Life" all of which has to do with the highest entities of the human spirit. But having made these wondrous declarations we are then through with them till next Easter or the next Fourth of July. If Mr. Smith, or anybody else, knows what to do about this vast gap between our wondrous inherited words and our daily acts, I wish he would tell us. I do not know, except that in what seems to me a sick and crumbling civilization I try to hang on to the best thoughts of mankind. I, too, lose them in the shuffle but I believe that some day, somehow, we may recover from our schizophrenia and narrow the chasm between reality and the dream.

Mr. Smith goes on to say that the Jewish people are the world symbol of man's intolerance to man—"an evil that is tearing civilization apart." I think there is some truth in this. I think the Jews are a symbol of this intolerance; I think the Gentiles are a numerically vaster symbol of it. Sometimes I almost think Gentiles are "astonishing" and "passionately believing."

But I will grant Mr. Smith his point that the Jews cannot be "wholly innocent or always the victim." I think what the Jews need, and what the rest of the world needs is normalcy. I hope no smart man pops up and says, "What is normal?" I don't exactly know. I will take any sensible definition, but I do know we all need some less violent, less psychotic, less blood-gorged world that might somehow approximate the normal.

About Mr. Smith's declaration that "there is no greater arrogance than that of the persecuted man, conscious of his superiority, and ancient lineage, over the barbarians," it is another one of those wonders foisted upon us. Physically it reveals one aspect of the world-mind which says, "I murdered you, but bigosh you're pretty superior in your own strange way." I think this does neither the Jew nor the Gentile any good. I was speaking recently to Dr. Wdowinski who led the Battle of the Warsaw Ghetto which held up German divisions on their way to Africa and thus saved a good many American lives. Dr. Wdowinski has a miraculous history. He somehow managed to survive nine concentration camps. When I was confronted by this man, who has a perpetual smile, I looked upon him as "astonishing, superior," and all that sort of

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stuff. But as I listened to his story I began to realize that it was all a matter of some strange accident, almost as if God or Fate wanted to save him and burn most of the others. I spent a long time talking to him, and got to know just exactly how he felt. I assure you he did not feel "astonishing" or "superior to the barbarians," or anything like that. When he was beaten he felt awfully sick; when his teeth were knocked out he did not feel superior to the barbarians; he only felt he wished he had some teeth, or would somehow survive. And though he was a leading psychiatrist in Warsaw, he had no psychiatric explanation of his S.S. guards or the German people nor did he use any such terms as "barbarians." I remember only one phrase of his about all this. He said, "I never could tell what the Germans were going to do, I never really understood them." And by chance this is exactly what many another person of a different racial background has felt about the Germans. It was really this lack of understanding of the Germans that was responsible for the last great break-through of our armies. We didn't understand what the Germans were going to do.

Once Mr. Smith has dusted off the "arrogant Jew" he starts on the "arrogant Gentile." It is true, there are arrogant Jews and arrogant Gentiles, there are vulgar Jews and vulgar Gentiles, there are stupid Jews and stupid Gentiles. But how this arrogance and vulgarity and stupidity differ is something I have never quite been able to make out.

Mr. Smith concludes that "the Jew, when his ancient antagonist's hate is silenced, must display a magnanimity rare in this world and of which only the seed of Abraham might be capable." This is another one of those "musts" declared to the Jew on the basis of some hypothetical wonder. And it is again putting the Jew in some special category. I do not know that the Jew is more magnanimous than anyone else, or should be, or should be expected to be. If the hate toward him will lessen, I think his revulsion to it will lessen. If the hate some people have for the Catholics will lessen, the Catholics will be less aware of it. We are all in a way special, and we all require large entities of what must be called normalcy.

No nation or race or group is for long aided by being put into special category. Even the mighty empire of Britain found this out. For what seems to be a long time, but is only a short time in human history, "Britannia ruled the waves." But she doesn't any more, and in a large sense this does neither her nor the world much good, and is giving England the schizophrenia in which she is turning on the Jew. The Japanese believed their Emperor to be the descendant of the Sun God, and their whole nation to be permeated with some special quality that would give them the world and here they are with MacArthur telling them what to do. It just isn't good for anybody.

I think my own history a very fair index about being an American, a writer, and a Jew. I wrote about what interested me whether with regard to Jews or Gentiles. More profoundly I wrote about certain human beings in the civilization about me. I never felt less successful than I deserved; some times I felt my books more successful than they deserved. I have had good, bad, and indifferent reviews in *SRL*, as well as other papers. But largely I received as good as I deserved.

There may have been a few people who did not buy my books because my name was Cohen, but I do not know about it, and do not mind. I feel I have had a most wonderfully fair and encouraging reaction from the American people about everything I have written. I didn't sell so well in the large Jewish centers of population, let us say, New York and Chicago, and because of this I have nothing in particular against the Jews. In some proportionate way my books stayed on the best-seller list longer in Atlanta, San Antone, Pittsburgh or Kansas City. Nor has my experience in other lands been much different, I was translated into German and Russian and French and Danish and some other languages, but I will be darned if any of the publishers in Palestine ever wanted to publish me.

I am aware of the length of this letter. I wish to thank Mr. Smith for tangling with a most difficult matter, and for his general good will toward mankind, which I recognize. I also recognize his inheritance of legend. But I wish to stress one high point in the whole matter, perhaps already overstressed, namely: that we would all be better off with less of the Special and more of the Normal. Abraham Lincoln gave us a motto, "With malice towards none and charity for all." And I personally vote that ticket.

LESTER COHEN.

New York, N. Y.

Misquoted

SIR: In my review of Mr. Noth's book "Bridges Over the Rhine" [*SRL* Dec. 6] the author is incorrectly quoted as decrying the "crime *of* being prepared not only in Germany but against Germany." By removing the "of" and inserting "which is" the reader will have what was really intended to be said—something, of course, quite different.

I have also been asked to point out that "Bridges Over the Rhine" was published by Henry Holt, and Editions Mediterraneennes, of New York and Juan-Les-Pins, France.

HENRY B. KRANZ.

New York, N. Y.

Prudence Crandall Biography

SIR: I am writing a biography of Prudence Crandall (Mrs. Calvin Philleo, 1803-1890) Quaker anti-slavery leader, and would very much appreciate hearing from anyone who possesses source material relating to her life and the school she opened at Canterbury, Conn., to "young ladies and little misses of color."

HELEN EARLE GILBERT.

Pendletonia,
Hebron, Conn.

Tigress Talk

SIR: Regarding Margaret Halsey's "Mammon's Little Baby" [*SRL* Oct. 18] Miss Halsey is too big for her panties. Furthermore, why so contentious towards poor Mr. Bromfield? She talks like a tigress protecting its young. In addition, I have not read such big-word pontification in many a day. Why doesn't she go back to writing some more books like "With Malice Towards Some"?

EDWARD A. MCQUADE.

New York, N. Y.

Authority, Webster

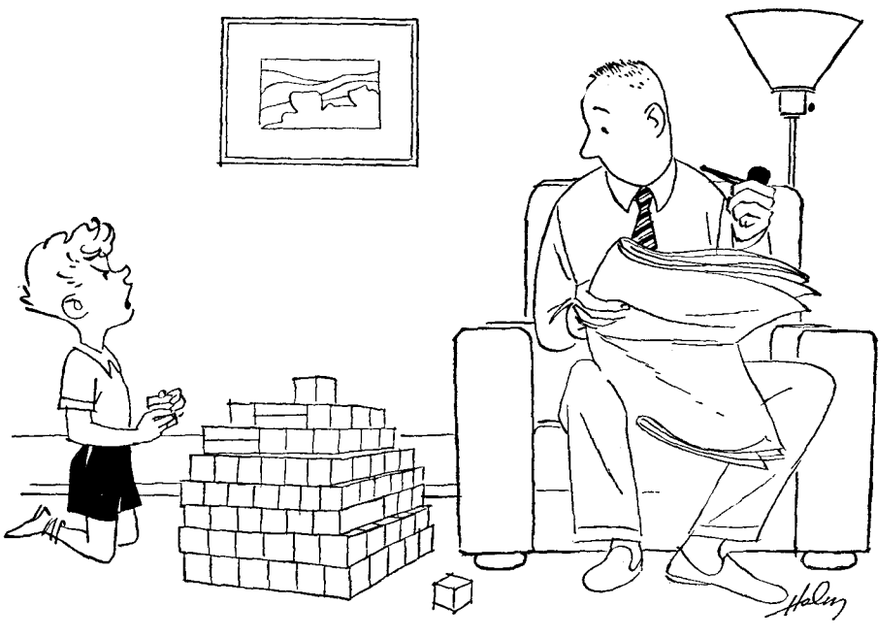
SIR: Mr. Russell Maloney and the House of Lippincott should know better than to use the word "human" as a noun, but the error is a more egregious one when it slips through the *SRL* editors twice in one month.

As far as I know, the word "human" is still an adjective, not a noun! Or is this splitting hairs?

NOAH WEBSTER, III

Providence, R. I.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It sure is. See Webster's New International Dictionary Second Edition Unabridged, also Funk & Wagnall's New College Standard Dictionary and Random House's American College Dictionary.*



"It ain't a castle—it's an atomic pile."

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Seeing Things

DANCING IN THE DARK

THERE they were, some thirty of them; fifteen little boys and fifteen little girls, as evenly paired from the point of numbers as if Noah were about to herd them up his gangplank. There was a difference, however. They had not entered two by two, and plainly did not wish to be identified as couples.

The males and females would have nothing to do with one another. They remained on opposite sides of the room. Even the music could not bring them together except when a whistle, sharply blown by the dauntless woman whose job it was to run this dancing school party, ordered them to dance.

Then the young males, at least the more tractable of them, would lay off chasing or punching each other and stepping on each other's freshly polished shoes. They would stop their giggling and their whispering, and close their mouths grimly over their braces. In open formation, as though instinct told them they were invading enemy territory, they would advance towards the waiting girls. Every boy would choose a partner. Sometimes the choice was made so reluctantly that the whistle had to be blown again. And blown it was by Joy's drill-sergeant, until the stragglers and deserters fell into line. But almost always a partner was found. Any partner, pretty or plain, fat or thin, dreary or doll-like; whatever partner the terrain yielded.

To be sure, some of the little boys sometimes escaped. Thereupon, a little girl would either dance quite happily with another little girl or she would sit alone without self-consciousness. Most of the little girls did not seem to mind being deserted. If anything, they looked relieved; glad of a chance to rest; delighted to have their feet once again to themselves. The fear, the humiliation of being a wallflower was unknown to them. That would come later as one of the cruel penalties of growing up.

Had they been left out of a round of "Ring-Around-the-Rosie," these solitary girls could not have been more unconcerned. But their mothers minded. The sudden look of pain or panic that crept across their faces gave away their identity at once. So did the unneeded nods of encouragement which they directed at their children. For a moment, clearly these women on the sidelines did not see their daughters as daughters. They saw them only as women. And sympathized. And remembered.

If the pairing-off was haphazard, it was because propinquity, not preference, was the sole standard of unnatural selection. This was true, at any rate, at the afternoon's beginning. Before the games had started. Before the shyness had been conquered. Before the party proved to be so good a party that the boys and girls forgave each other for being boys and girls.

When a boy and girl had achieved that twosome deemed necessary for ballroom dancing, they would apply themselves soberly to the sober business at hand. They would reach for one another much as Redcaps reach for suitcases. Without exchanging salutations they would stand frozen, waiting for the music to speak to them. When it finally did, they would summon their courage often without having synchronized their wills. Whereupon they would plunge into such steps as they thought the beat invited. These soloists would go their joint way, indifferent to the time a partner was keeping; linked only by stiffened arms which guaranteed a proper respect for individuality.

Scarcely any of the little boys and girls on the floor talked with their partners. They did not smile or ogle, or recognize the other's presence. The girls had words for other girls who passed them; the boys for other boys. If a couple seemed to be talking, generally it was not apt to be because they were exchanging pleasantries. It was because they were resolutely counting "one, two, three" until the music stopped. At this, without warning or farewell, they would scatter. The boys would race and slide to their chosen wall; the girls walk or traipse to theirs. That was that. At least it was until the next number was hammered out, as mechanically as all dancing school music seems fated to be, by a pianist, a saxophonist, and a drummer, each and all of whom were accustomed to take youth even in its strides.

"Dancing," says the "Britannica" in *Dama to Educ*, "dancing consists in the rhythmical movement of any or all parts of the body in accordance with some scheme of independent or concerted action which is expressive of emotions or ideas."

Maybe so. Maybe so. For the primitive or the professional, for the savage or the adult social, such a definition no doubt holds water. But it has little to do with the young at their first party, fresh from three lessons at dancing school. Dancing is a subject upon which they cannot be expected to have ideas. The one emotion they may want to express is resistance to dancing at all. They are not so much released as they are coerced by music. If they have schemes of action, as obviously most of them have, these are bound to be independent rather than concerted.

ANY boy can and does respond to a drum. Why? Because, as Mr. Darcy knew, every savage knows how to dance. Little girls are different. They leave the jungle with less reluctance. They become more knowing sooner. Grace is for them the source of pride that strength is to their opposites. A boy, however, is not limited musically to the drum. He takes marching orders from a military band or a college song instinctively. But the foxtrot, the waltz, and the samba represent refinements in rhythm to which a youngster's body, male or female, may be deaf though the ears may hear.

The initial horror, manifest during the first few numbers, wore off as the afternoon proceeded. If the dancing never became an expression (except of determination) or a commitment, it did become a challenge and an exercise—almost a sport. Conversation grew less inhibited during the intermissions. More interchanges could be overheard, followed by shorter pauses. More provocative, though still discreet, direct questions were asked, such as, "What school do you go to?" "What did you get in English?" And, "Which is your favorite comic?"

In fact, a thaw set in, wisely induced by "musical chairs" and by countless games which kept the chil-

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The Gay New Comedy Success
MUSIC BOX, W. 45 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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In the New Comedy Hit
"Happy Birthday"
BROADHURST, W. 44 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

ETHEL MERMAN
In the Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
with RAY MIDDLETON
IMPERIAL, W. 45 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A SUPERB DRAMA" —Atkinson, Times
IRENE M SELZNICK presents
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE
A New Play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
BARRYMORE, W. 47 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"TOPS IN TOON — SCOTCH AND SO-DA-LIGHTFUL."—Walter Winchell
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents A NEW MUSICAL
BRIGADOON
Book and Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER
with
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
DAVID BROOKS • MARION BELL • PAMELA BRITTON
LEE SULLIVAN • GEORGE KEANE
WILLIAM HANSEN • JAMES MITCHELL
Dances by AGNES de MILLE • Staged by ROBERT LEWIS
Scenery by OLIVER SMITH • Costumes by DAVID FFOLKES
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MAX GORDON presents
BORN YESTERDAY
The Nation's Laugh Hit!
by GARSON KANIN
LYCEUM Thea. 45 St. E. of B'way

"A DIRECT HIT!"—Walter Winchell
PAUL KELLY in
COMMAND DECISION
with
JAY FASSETT
PAUL McGRATH
FULTON, W. 46th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40.

"THE WITTIEST PLAY IN TOWN"-Atkinson, Times
MAURICE EVANS
in GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S COMEDY
MAN AND SUPERMAN
ALVIN Thea., 52nd St. W. of B'way. CI 5-5226
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2:30

dren children. If these games were closer to the playing fields of Eton than the purlieus of Arthur Murray, this was all to the good. Their aim was to make dancing painless. There was an elimination contest, for example, in which couples were put out by the simple, if athletic, process of having a blindfolded girl hit them with a volleyball rolled at random down the floor. There was, too, an energetic competitive number during which couples blissfully forgot Terpsichore and sought only to burst the balloons attached to each little boy's left leg. There was even a quiz program in which all the children were divided into three teams and asked to write down the names and types of the various pieces of music that were played.

But the true, the irresistible, leveler was the beckoning fact that Coca-Cola and icecream would ultimately be served. Accordingly, as the half-hours were drummed by, the boys became increasingly willing to forgive the girls for being girls, and vice versa. If, by seven o'clock, neither sex looked upon the other as an equal, both sexes had entered into an armistice, and for the moment considered each other human.

Meanwhile, we, the parents, the relatives, or the nurses, sat perched on gilt chairs at the end of the room opposite the musicians. Although all of us pretended to watch everyone on the floor, each of us really had eyes only for our own entry. The emotions with which we surveyed him or her were mingled. In terms of the youngsters before us, we kept reliving our past, thinking back to days when we, too, had been dragged to dancing school, and yet looking ahead by seeing in the children prophecies of the adults they would all too swiftly become.

However metronomic the playing may have been, most of the music played was bound to quicken for us what had been. Some of it was old when we were new. But all of it, as music will, flipped back the faded pages on the calendar and made us new again. "The Strawberry Blonde," "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," "Poor Butterfly," "Melancholy Baby" —what other days, what other people, what different places, what vanished feelings they re-created!

Against our wills we were forced to conjure up the time when it never would have occurred to us that we could take our places among those autumnal figures found on the periphery of ballrooms. Ancients they had seemed to us; mere stage properties that went with the furniture. Ancients and stage properties we unquestion-

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ably seemed to those who were dancing that afternoon.

If we, the grown-ups, masked our feelings, the young were no less successful in hiding theirs. A childless stranger from Mars might, upon looking into the room, assume that all the children present wanted to be there and always looked as neat as they then did. I do not know about little girls. Since they are feminine, I take it for granted that they are by nature neat; that they do not mind getting dressed up; and that they are not allergic to the process of becoming clean. They may even like the idea of dances.

I do, however, know about little boys. So far as they are concerned, cleanliness *is* next to godliness and almost as remote. A party that is not a stag party is a pain in the neck. They are heartsick when they have to leave their water-pistols and their bean-shooters behind them. Noise is their idea of peace; wrestling their substitute for rest. The very thought of a scrubbed face, brushed hair, hands and arms washed free of ink tattooing, excavated nails and ears, a blue suit, a white shirt that must be kept white, polished shoes, and above all girls and dancing can, at the age of eleven, prove a major depressant. It can for a whole week in advance. At every breakfast. And most certainly at dinner the night before.

It was his school friend who finally won him over. Frank is a year older than our boy. His eyes already have a wolfish twinkle in them. His hair is not always in a state of rebellion. It glistens with signs of having been subdued by tonic.

FRANK was undaunted by the prospect of what lay ahead. At luncheon on the very day of the ordeal by music his enthusiasm was contagious. "It'll be neat," said he, "if only we don't have to dance with that old hag. She's twelve. All the guys will be there. . . . Tom says they give neat prizes and let you have all the cokes and icecream you can get down." It was this, I suspect that did the trick. Anyway, I saw him smile, and a light came into his eyes. Right after lunch he was in his room, applying cleaning fluid to the spots on his blue suit.

The ageless truth is he had fun—when once he got there. How do I know? Because I watched him. But most especially because night after night since then at home I have heard the Victrola playing "The Blue Danube" and come upon him. He has been waltzing quite happily either by himself or with his mother. And, as he goes his reverseless way, counting "one, two, three" with a smile on his face.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH CASTS A VOTE *Margaret Yates & Paula Bramlette* (Dutton: $2.50)	Presidentially inclined oil magnate's factotum falls "suicidally" from Manhattan penthouse. Tough Capt. Sullivan and weekly-mag. writer are skeptical about regrettable affair.	Blackmail, "hot oil," power politics, and fatal ambition speed suavely told tale to satisfactory, if slightly obvious, solution.	Agreeable
DEATH COMMITS BIGAMY *James M. Fox* (Coward-McCann: $2.50)	John and Suzy Marshall, investigating plot against Hollywood star, are accused of two murders, and nearly perish in settling checkered case.	Revealing bits about actors and agents, considerable criminous cavorting, brusquely helpful cops, and an engaging pair of private eyes.	Blithe and bloody
A MOMENT OF NEED *Murdo Coombs* (Dutton: $2.50)	"Unloaded" automatic kills man in N. Y. apt. "Accidental" death followed by definite murders—all elucidated by de-licensed private operative.	Acid picture of life among "celebrities," interestingly hard-bitten sleuth, and grisly motive for murderer's persistent activity.	Has its moments
LAST YEAR'S BLOOD *H. C. Bransom* (Simon & Schuster: $2.50)	John Bent, hired by domineering New England dowager, finds her battered body and stays to solve other casualties in fated family.	Forthrightly written, ably characterized, amply baffling. Believable Bent works shrewdly and without capers to credible and quite surprising pay-off.	Upper Brackets

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century later animates the Joads of John Steinbeck's novel of the dispossessed. John Akers becomes a coal miner and breeds coal miners. One son is crushed to death when still a child, one will eventually migrate to America, another son seeks to escape the silences and miseries of the mine by poaching and drinking. Only George Akers is the miner his father is.

George goes to work when he is eight. "He had known darkness but not this darkness, not this limitless frightening blankness." But George endures and his faith, the religion of his peasant ancestors, helps him endure as the child miner matures into a grown man. The force of God is a known force; the force of the new unions is strange. "What we want is not a union but the Almighty love of God in every man's heart." But George and his father John, all these work beasts of the shafts and tunnels, begin to rebel against the conditions of their lives. This novel should be must reading for those misguided Americans, who in today's atmosphere of hysteria, believe that unions are Communist inventions. The coal miners of Heslop's novel rebelled in 1832 and in 1844. Simple hewers of coal, farmers who had exchanged ploughs for picks, unlettered, ignorant, primitive, they banded together in unions whenever the disasters and hazards of their lives became intolerable. A broken beam falling one hundred fathoms, imprisoning scores of miners, was more convincing than a dozen union "agitators." "The weakest had all died, the rest were dying. . . . They were all trapped in the grimmest asphyxiating machine the world had ever known." John Akers's

brother Simon died in this disaster and John helped dig the dead out. And although John had opposed the union which he termed "a lot o' bla-bla," he ultimately changes his mind.

Heslop does not show John's conversion in detail, in the emotional bite called for—and this illustrates one of the faults in his significant story. He relies too much on narrative and too little on depicting the interior lives of his people. He tells us a great deal about the Akers family and the century in which they live, but he does not dig into the characters as deeply as his powerful pen digs into this faded world of coal villages.

It isn't that he lacks a strong feeling for people. His feeling for people is true and he frequently will give us an entire character in a few lines. Of Jenny, the wife of John, he writes revealingly. "Her husband had no pleasure looking at the dead. She could not understand that for it was the only real pleasure she knew." Poor Jenny, working from morning to night, an uncomplaining, drab little woman, is a sister to the wives of coal miners, rubberworkers, and molders I have seen myself in the towns of workingman America. Heslop's description of the emotions of a child's first day in a mine is superb, true writing. Perhaps the novel should have been double its size? Of how many novels can one say this? This indicates the quality of "The Earth Beneath."

Frühlingslied

By Jean Pedrick

WHEN April hawks in Boston town
Her broken wares, her daffodils
With weeping stalks, and the wind kills
Our ecstasy before it talks
And needling rains come threadless down
I will be in Boston town.

I will be when April walks
Through the common crying
Buy my hours and buy my flowers
For they are dead and dying.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

AT HOME ON THE RANGE

LADY we know who says she is divorced from Texas, has just one frailty of which we have knowledge: she hates to lick postage stamps. This lady decided to get her decree on her last trip back home when she approached a Dallas hotel newsstand, bought some stamps, and politely asked the woman behind the counter if she would mind affixing them for her. The clerk drew back aghast, and with fire dancing in her eyes declared, "Madam, I am a Texan." That decided it then and there for our friend who turned around and said, "Oh, I thought you had run out of spit."

Another chap told us he was aboard a B-29 which was in the midst of making a landing at a Texas airport after a sensational, record-breaking flight from Tokyo. When the plane set down and came to a halt in front of a hangar, a man with a flag came running out, and before the blocks had been placed under the wheels, the door had been opened, or anybody had said hello, the ensign of the sovereign State of Texas had been implanted on the nose of the aircraft. Things go like that in Texas, as anyone who has been as far afield as the Stork Club when the band played the Texas national anthem, can attest.

Whether you think the singlehanded winner of the war was Texas or the Third U.S. Army, visitors can still find an excellent winter vacation in the Southwest. Most of the ranches are in Arizona, New Mexico, and northwestern Texas. The acknowledged dude ranch headquarters of the world is Wickenberg, Arizona, a city which derives its name from one Henry Wickenberg who, with the help of his burro, discovered the Vulture Gold Mine there in 1863. The approved version of the legend says the burro wandered from camp and Wickenberg attempted to drive him in by tossing rocks at him. One of the stones broke the ground, exposing gold.

Accommodations in the Southwest vary from resort hotels to guest ranches. But the ranches often have heated swimming pools, glass brick architecture, stables of golden palomine horses, and dining rooms with sliding roofs. Rates run from $10 to $18 a day, American plan. The usual hotel offers such ordinary sports as golf, tennis, ping pong, croquet. In addition there are desert rides, chuckwagon suppers, and such treks as the annual pilgrimage to Superstition Mountain in search of the Lost Dutchman gold mine.

Out of the mesa northwest of Flagstaff, mountains known as the San Francisco Peaks rise to a height of 12,000 feet. They can be seen seventy miles away, and remain snow-capped until June. The Arizona Snow Bowl, formed by the mountains, provides one of the least publicized and most extensive skiing areas in the country. Six excellent, wide-open trails have been developed, and two tows are in operation.

The Indians had a word for Tucson, a city which greatly reflects Spanish occupation. They called it Stjukshon which has been translated variously as meaning "dark spring" and "at the foot of the black hill." Albuquerque, New Mexico's largest city, with 62,000 people, is more modern than Tucson, but nevertheless shows the influence of Spanish forces who ruled New Mexico as a province as recently as 1705.

Not the least attraction in the Southwest are the American Indians, many of whom could well become merchandise managers of big-city department stores without endangering the company's profits. They still retain many of their original customs and ceremonies, some of which are exploited for the white man's consumption, and others of which are privately tribal. The Hopis of northwestern Arizona still stage their annual snake dance each summer using live, poisonous reptiles. The dance is offered as a prayer for rain, and in the Southwest they say the method usually works. What's good for snakebite nobody seems to know.

—From "Look: The Southwest."

The Southwest's Indians "could well become Macy merchandise managers without endangering the profits."

The Taos pueblos, just north of Santa Fe, look just like apartment houses. Two of them are six stories high. Visitors can amble through the area after paying a twenty-five cent fee and registering with the Indian governor. One recent governor, seizing upon the white man's frenzy for photography, laid down a new set of rules, "twenty-five cents for snaps—one dollar for big ones, if you sellum." With a clarity of purpose worthy of John Robert Powers, he also legislated a price list for posing, which as far as we know is still in effect. "Governor one dollar, other big men, fifty cents. Kids, squaws, and young men, two bit."

HORACE SUTTON.

Hidden Treasure

SUN IN YOUR EYES: By Oren Arnold. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press. 1947. 253 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by Garth Cate

JUST as the unique San Francisco Peaks dominate the great high plateau which is northern Arizona, so does Arnold's racy and rangey account of lost mines and hidden treasure stand out from his excellent chapters on the Pioneer Padres, the Cliff People, Sun Land Souvenirs, and some fifteen other themes that add up to a well-rounded study of the Sun Country of our Southwest. How he has made me want to get back into the Superstitions where some day someone *will* come across the "Lost Dutchman." The Superstitions, just east of Mesa, off to the right of the Apache Trail as it winds its way to Mormon Flats, are as photogenic a mountain range as ever bewitched a camera fan, or beckoned to a prospector. Now that Arnold has spelled the story out again, there's likely to be another gold rush, and, if the amateur prospectors will kodak as they go, breathe deeply, and rest their eyes on the near and far horizons, they will be among the richest of tourists or dudes.

Author Arnold rather overplays the physical benefits of the Southwestern sun, and he rather fails to give a well-rounded story of the impact of the long seasons of dependable sunshine on Arizona's agricultural output, amazing in variety and volume. Never a word about the great orchards of dates in the Salt River Val-

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ıse me, Valley of the Sun), uma, no word for the olives, ıds, the canteloupe, only cas- ences to the magic succession inter and summer crops. But us oldtimers are really wor- Phoenix being too big for we'd like to see the South- ı chambers of commerce a little less ıccessful in their work. There's too much traffic now at the intersection of Washington St. and Central Ave. "Sun In Your Eyes" will add to that congestion. Obviously not written as a promotion piece, it will sure make a lot of its readers mighty dissatisfied with where they're living now, ripe prospects for the Come-to-the-Sun-Country enticements of American Air and TWA, willing victims of the Rock Island-Southern Pacific's devout missionary efforts.

But how our man goes to town in Red Hot Record, and Brand Primer. This illustrated study and story of branding gives a lot of real low-down on the cattle business and a glimpse into the hearts and minds of the old-time cattlemen, and there are a lot of 'em left, out that way. And then you'll understand why some artists have referred to the "friendly wrinkles" around the eyes, that are the sign of the Arizona old-timers who've never worn dark glasses.

Arnold has written well about lost mines, desert flowers, Western square dances, rodeos, cowboy clothes, how to build an adobe house, and "the most delectable flavor man knows," which, of course is the natural flavor of freshly broiled T-bone steaks. If Author Arnold would like to exchange steak addresses, my vote goes for George Young's Central Cafe at Ascarate, just out of El Paso, Texas.

Longtime Arizonan and dean of travel writers, Garth Cate is director of the Travel and Trade Department of the Scripps-Howard Newspapers.

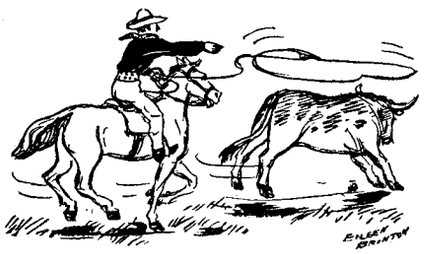
New Mexico Spell

TAOS AND ITS ARTISTS. By Mabel Dodge Luhan. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1947. 168 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by POLLY NOYES

THE ARTIST discovered Taos before the tourist, and the artist is still king. That is part of the charm of this little Indian village, off the beaten track and forty miles from Santa Fe and the La Fonda Hotel, where, they say, if you wait five minutes at the bar some one you know will come by.

Long before New Mexico dubbed herself "The Land of Enchantment" and hired a press agent with state funds, the artists began to come. In



1916 came Mabel Dodge, heiress to the Dodge fortune, dilettante in the arts, writer and later wife of Tony Luhan, Taos Indian. She fell under the spell of the New Mexico scene and has been writing about it and its people off and on ever since, sometimes with shocking frankness, sometimes with chamber-of-commerce zest.

In "Taos and Its Artists," Mrs. Luhan combines this enthusiasm with 102 black-and-white illustrations from Taos, reproductions of the work of Taos artists and photographs of the artists themselves. She has catalogued the men and their work and told much about the village and the art colony which has been, for the most part, her life.

Tourists, in Mrs. Luhan's opinion, should come from October to June rather than from June to October to savor the full beauty of the country. That is when most of the artists have chosen to paint it. And the artists, she adds, are as hospitable as the Indians.

Polly Noyes, now a publicist in New York, is the former travel editor of the Dallas Times-Herald.

For Martians

BIG COUNTRY TEXAS. By Donald Day. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1947. 326 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY WALKER

DONALD DAY, once editor of *The Southwest Review,* bit off a large and difficult assignment when he decided to write a study of the vast, rich, and rambunctious State of Texas, and he was even more ambitious when he tried to include some sort of sensible and plausible appraisal of the Texas character. He made a brave try on both counts, but, regretfully, it must be reported that he was only partly successful.

What Mr. Day has done, in essence, is to give a quick, readable summary of the factors which have made the state what it is today—the pioneering spirit, the cattle industry, cotton, and oil. Obviously he has read widely for his sources, and has retold many of the old anecdotes, wisecracks, and philosophical observations. One gets the feeling, in going through "Big Country Texas," that he has read every bit of it somewhere before.

Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that Mr. Day contributes little that is really new to the literature of Texas, he has done a rather expert job in assembling his material, and his book moves along at a pleasant lope. The well-known Man from Mars, wondering what Texas was all about, could do worse than skim through these pages.

The unfortunate thing about the book is that Mr. Day has not gone below the surface, that he has skimped in many of his passages, and that he contributes no original observation or analysis of importance. The more important matters which agitate Texas today are referred to only sketchily if at all. Moreover, his discussion of the leading Texans is wholly inadequate.

For many years a New York newsman, Stanley Walker said farewell to New York in a magazine piece by that name, went longhorn, writes now from Lampasas, Texas.

SRL'S Ten Tips for Tenderfeet

(1) Unless you like your meals off the mantel, don't overdo it. Ride one hour the first day, one hour the second, two hours the third.
(2) Don't pass another horse and rider at anything faster than a walk. You may lose your friends and your seat.
(3) Keep a horse-length behind the rider in front.
(4) Don't force a horse into a fast gait going downhill; it hurts his front legs.
(5) When approaching a horse from the rear, let him know you're coming, or you may get a strenuous rebuff.
(6) All horses are leftists. Approach from the left, mount from the left, and refer to it as the "near side."
(7) In spring a young mare's thoughts are just like anybody else's. Keep her away from crowds.
(8) Don't give a warm horse a cool drink.
(9) Passing horsemen, like passing bus drivers, always wave a greeting.
(10) Don't insult a horse. Every man's steed is Man O'War even if it looks like the old gray mare.

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Poetry. *The tradition of light verse is an honored one, holding true from Calverley to Samuel Hoffenstein and David McCord himself. Those who have practised it, the best of them, have been men of insight and knowledge, with a keen eye for the customs of their day, a quick appreciation of its foibles and graces, and a pen that is witty and agile. It is a varied company, this of the light versifiers, full, as David McCord has said in the introduction to his anthology, "What Cheer," of strange rewards and oblique surprises." Here, rubbing elbows, are Calverley and Christopher Morley, Kipling and T. A. Daly, G. K. Chesterton and E. B. White—they are happily but few of many. In the death of Samuel Hoffenstein in Los Angeles last October America lost one of its most admired and cherished of the lyrists.*

Lonely Lyric Laughter

WRITING LIGHT VERSE. By Richard Armour. Boston: The Writer, Inc. 1947. 123 *pp.* $2.

PENCIL IN THE AIR. By Samuel Hoffenstein. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 224 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by DAVID MCCORD

CONFRONTED by the current assembly of the light verse of one of the top writers in the field, let us first take a look at "Writing Light Verse," a recent volume by Richard Armour, and see how his rules of the game apply to such an independent as the late Samuel Hoffenstein. I should preface my preface by admitting that though Mr. Armour's book makes a great deal of good sense, I do not believe that the writing of memorable light verse can be taught. Certainly the writing of good poetry cannot be taught. If poetry is the loneliest of the arts, light verse is almost equally so for it is aimed not at the larger, more generous, contemplative audience, but at the smaller parcel of humanity whose intelligence of whatever sort is leavened with an understanding of wit and humor. A man is never more alone than when he is communicating something that to him is witty. Light verse flowers or flares in its own solitude and (like poetry) with little or no Persian apparatus in the background.

But the young writer of light verse may be helped on his way. The first thing is to define his medium. Mr. Armour defines it: "Much light verse is, after all, simply witty comment on current events." Considering this observation with respect to source material (the newspaper, the newsreel, the radio), Mr. Armour concludes: "It is like picking and shipping perishable fruit"—a witty remark in itself. What Mr. Armour says is quite true, but I wish he would not advance his thesis with the word *market* so much in mind. His "perishable fruit" conception unfortunately explains why so much light verse today is written by the filler-verseman and not by the true verse writer "with at least some of the poet's responsibilities." It is designed to sell and to sell fast. And what will sell the fastest? "It is my belief," says Mr. Armour, "that couplets and quatrains are adequate for almost every occasion." So they are if every occasion turns on the self-imposed deadline demanding an air mail special.

> Even royal highnesses
> Have trouble with their sinuses

is always marketable. But does anyone believe that the drawing of straight lines alone will produce an artist, or that studying the diatonic scale suggests the complete development of a composer? What so many modern writers of light verse lack, I think, is self-training and skill in the use of many verse forms and familiarity with the literat
Armour, a craftsman in
knows the field. But to
let, the limerick, and th
example, are pretty m
and here the word prec
And this is odd whei
courageously admits a
precious pun: Parting c
Toys Will Be Toys, To H
Old, etc. (Not that the occ. good pun is without value.) He pits the economy of Dorothy Parker's "Résumé" against Chesterton's "A Ballade of Suicide," and seems to prefer the former because "it is more in the modern manner of directness, conciseness, and simplicity of form." But what of the contrasting richness of Chesterton? That is something else again, and memorable in its own way —something, too, that cannot be taught.

> The world will have another washing day. . . .

So it will, and Miss Parker's expected unexpectancies will possibly seem precious and even quaint in turn. Mr. Armour would like it better "if Archy had been able to work the capital levers on his typewriter, and if he had owned a rhyming dictionary." Rather Archy in his cups than in his couplets, which is one reason why he is surviving. As to the rhyming dictionary,

> skeleton rattle your mouldy leg

is a pretty fair improvisation in a fairly pretty ballade. Ingenuity needs no rhyming dictionary. There is a lot of merriment and sensible instruction in Mr. Armour's bright little text —but he is pouring things down a funnel instead of through a sieve.

Mr. Hoffenstein was a writer of light verse who shared, in Mr. Armour's hopeful phrase, "some of the poet's responsibilities." In fact he was a poet; and a number of the pieces in "Pencil in the Air" are *poems*—satiric, tender, or faintly acrid—having nothing in common with the light-hearted exuberance of the greater stretch of the book. Their presence will possibly trouble the reader, as though an old modal were suddenly sung in the middle of an harmonica session. I suspect, however, that this was part of the Hoffenstein seventeen-year plan rather than a marriage of all available material in order to satisfy a publisher. As to that, it is hard to believe that seventeen years have passed since the appearance of "Year In, Year Out," popular successor to the still more popular "Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing," first published in 1928. Apparently no book of American light verse has ever outsold PIPOPN, and certainly none in our

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y has been more subtle in persist- influence. It has even influenced Hoffenstein, for here in marked- sheep's clothing is

ht, when you *should* sleep,
an't sleep yet;
y, when you shouldn't, you
h at sheep yet.

time Mr. Hoffenstein finds us all in another world, and much of his verse suggests that he had just stepped into that world himself:

The atom's groggy, the future foggy,
so join your doggie at play . . .

This line and any number I could quote show the same skilful technician, the same inspired trifler at work on much the same old themes —making them new, making them do —and

meeting gents who own horses
And powerful, natural female forces
Who own the gents who own the horses.

Mr. Hoffenstein would seem to justify Mr. Armour's conviction that "couplets and quatrains are adequate for almost every occasion," for here at the end he still relies largely on these two forms with an occasional six-line verse for good measure. But Mr. Hoffenstein had a way of varying his meter and fishing up odd rhymes so that the total effect is of variety, such as a clever cook will suggest in a superior hash. And although this is verse very much for today, with anxiety often hiding behind the wit, it is in no way or manner "perishable fruit." Not a line of it suggests that it was manufactured for an immediate market—or any market. It was written for Mr. Hoffenstein and a few hundred thousand friends. Here you will rediscover that richness to which I have referred: not at all a richness like Chesterton's, to be sure, which runs to the implied third harmonic, but a rather heady, voluptuous richness now and then refined into something sharp and memorable. Here is the untaught natural writer of light verse: deft, resourceful, engaging. His eye is on his art and on nothing else. It may be that he has never experimented with a wide variety of verse patterns, but his handling of one or two serious sonnets in this collection suggests a long apprenticeship at some stage of a unique career. I don't agree at every point with Mr. Hoffenstein's taste. His admirer, F.P.A., would most certainly not have favored the old Conning Tower with two or three of these items. The lowering of one's standards in print is never a happy exhibition. But no dissent can cloud the rare delight and beauty in a book that takes the

mind off taxes and love—
A very good taking the mind off of.

Samuel Hoffenstein was a singularly gifted man and a wit of the first magnitude. I trust that his own gay little verse about this book (which he did not live to see in circulation) will be included properly in his collected verse. You can read it today on the inside flap of the jacket.

Trade Winds note: "Pencil in the Air" runs to 224 pages but, believe it or not, more than 100 of these are blank or half-title pages, which may in part account for the title itself. I choose some pages at random:

127, half title,
128, a blank;
129 is vital,
130, empty tank.
131, half title,
132, guess what!
133 is vital,
134 is not.
135, half title,
136, blank, blank. . . .
Papa spank!

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Winesburg. 2. Philadelphia. 3. Seville. 4. Kings Row. 5. Peking. 6. Bombay. 7. Manhattan. 8. Athens. 9. Calais. 10. Saratoga. 11. Adano. 12. Washington. 13. Paris. 14. Venice. 15. Berlin. 16. Brooklyn. 17. Vincennes. 18. Reading. 19. Rome. 20. New York.

Étude Majeure

LOVE SONNETS. By Louise Labé. Translated by Frederic Prokosch. New York: New Directions. 1947. *Unpaged.* $2.50.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

IF these sonnets of Louise Labé—that strongminded Frenchwoman of the sixteenth century—are scarcely "among the most beautiful love poems ever written," as the jacket of this translation says they are, they are nevertheless of great formal and rhetorical interest. Controlled, clear, almost straitly classical, they have the exalted declamatory tone of an *étude majeure:* they call for the rostrum rather than for the alcove. Mr. Prokosch's translation of them (the original text is printed opposite the English) is notable for its fluid grace and for the tact with which so many difficult problems are undertaken. Not the least of these is the question of form, since he assumes the almost desperate task of achieving fidelity and at the same time retaining the meter and rhyme of the original. If he has failed in this more often than he has succeeded, it is a gallant kind of failure; but it was inevitable.

If one could keep one's eyes from straying to the left-hand pages, most of Mr. Prokosch's sonnets would seem

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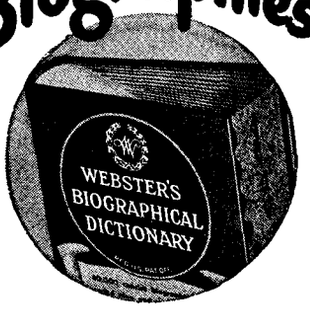

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pleasant, and a few of them (XI, XII, XXII, for example) extremely good. But the eye will roam. *"O ris, ô front, cheueus, bras, mains et doits: / O lut pleintif, viole, archet et vois: / Tant de flambeaus pour ardre une femelle!"* —*"O locks and forehead, arms and hands and fingers, / O lute, O sorrowing voice and violin, / So many flames to set a heart on fire."* . . . The demands of rhyme, probably, brought in that "violin," which is at any rate a curious instrument to find in the sixteenth century; and I suppose that Mr. Prokosch did not like the downrightness (I find it rather touching, myself) of *femelle,* though I do not think that his commonplace "to set a heart on fire" is an improvement. *"And if I held him bound upon my breast, / Frantic and ardent, as the ivies cling / About the mighty bough"* is a reputable tone, but it is not Louise Labé's: *"Si de mes bras le tenant acollé, / Comme du Lierre est l'arbre encercelé."* For cold passion (it's possible, especially during a Cold War) we are given a Rossetti throb. Not that I deny the validity of the throb; I contend merely that it does not belong here, that it is, at best, a latter-day gloss upon an ancient text. It may be better than the original, or it may be worse; but it is not translation, and to the extent that this is true of the poems in general the book must be said to fall short of its intention.

It remains only to compliment the publisher upon the exquisite format of this little volume.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 237

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 237 will be found in the next issue.

GAUJI DAU SOQI GAILK VKIJJ

O XKLTPLXOR XOKG UW

GAISJIREIJ, DLRR, LT ZITIKOR,

HIPUSI UW TU SUKI EORFI

GAOT GAILK VKIJJ.

—D. AONRLGG.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 236
The art of reading is to skip judiciously.

PHILIP HAMERTON.

IDEAS

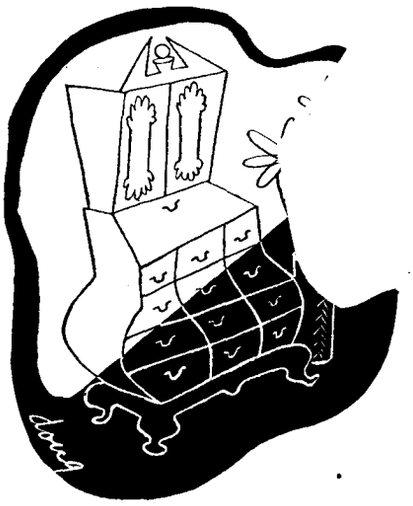
(*Continued from page 8*)

Union, which itself is, prospectively, the Universal State; and all existing Governments, and all Parties except the Communist Party, are (therefore) in rebellion against this Universal State.

On the other hand the liberal conception of the United States is almost as sharply formulated in the Declaration of Independence: we hold it to be self-evident that all men, and by implication the groups into which they are organized as nations, are created equal with respect to certain inalienable and consequently *incommunicable* rights; and the recognition of those rights here "gave . . . hope to all the world, for all future time." The American idea is that the only agreements which can be maintained without gunplay are those which free men freely make—or to revert again to lawyer language, contracts.

However, while it is axiomatic that when a contract is made the parties to it are in agreement with each other, what are we to do when one of them subsequently wishes to withdraw from it and the other refuses to make what amounts to a new contract superseding, and in effect putting an end to, the old one? We go for judgment to the courts, and ultimately to the police; we settle stubborn cases by force. Between nations the ultimate resort is war. What's the difference? Clearly, the distinction lies in two fundamental points: in any free country no one can sign away his freedom, and any agreement to that effect is outside the law; secondly, and because that is so, only those agreements are made which the parties concerned have an interest in maintaining by themselves. The final result of this usage—the limitation of contract to matters not directly involving but merely contributory to the preservation and furtherance of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" —is the development of the rule of law in place of the rule of the club.

Dr. Nussbaum's beautifully balanced and ably written treatise deals with the evolution of the rule of law in international relations from the Treaty of Lagash-Umma (3100 B.C.) to the recent establishment of the United Nations. Any short volume covering such an immense span of history must of necessity lie open to some criticism of the distribution of emphasis upon periods and personalities, yet the author's sense of proportion never seems to desert him; and the only comment one can think of is that Dr. Nussbaum's very circum-



spect phrasing leads him to soften many points which, in our time of confusion, deserve to be shouted from the housetops.

The development of international law proper—well summarized as "a law valid apart from religious sanction, suprasectarian and human in spirit and still embodying the traditions of Christian morality and piety" —began with Grotius early in the seventeenth century. Throughout the eighteenth it remained more a matter of doctrine than of practice. However, at the Congress of Vienna (1815), "in many ways the prototype of the League of Nations" (the English and American delegates went to the latter carrying manuals, one of them prepared by our State Department, descriptive of the former) international law began to emerge as law rather than speculation. From the end of the nineteenth century to the present there has been a "progressive" growth of the law of nations in what Dr. Nussbaum calls "the sphere of peaceful relations; but [he adds] in the law of war heavily retrogressive tendencies came to prevail." Apparently the problem of war, which gave rise to international law in the first place, will be the last problem settled by it.

This is entirely consistent with the development of the rule of law in our national experience—up to a point. However, the recent "retrogression" of which Dr. Nussbaum speaks is particularly serious in the age of the atomic bomb; in fact it raises the question of the utility of law itself, in our present dilemma. It is to be hoped that in succeeding editions of his manual Dr. Nussbaum will find room for a more critical examination of just what constitutes "progress" and "retrogression" in this field. Surely our experience in the limitation of agreements to those which have a truly contractual character is of some relevance to the history of international law.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
TOCH, THE CHINESE FLUTE (1923). Pacific Symphonetta, Manuel Compinsky. Alice Mock, sop. Alco AC 203 (3)	Unusual recording of extremely light sounds (side 1), low level. But loud peaks blast. Very wide range. Outstanding job, even with faults.	*AA+* to *A—*	A remarkable work, for small ensemble and solo voice: astonishing tonal effects, exotic atmosphere, economy of instr. means. Easy listening, but good music too.
BACH, CONCERTO IN D MI. VIOLIN, OBOE AND ORCH. Pacific Symphonetta. M. Compinsky, vl. G. Schoenberg, ob. Alco A 202 (2)	Oboe far too close for this wide-range work —a nasty pinched sound. (Shld. be 20-40 ft. from mike.) Otherwise a good balance.	*AA+*	A seldom-heard original (?) of familiar 2-clavier concerto—an excellent idea. But performance rough, oboe is sour, badly recorded. Piano accpt. ill advised.
HINDEMITH, SONATA FOR VIOLA D'AMORE (1929). Milton Thomas; Sara Compinsky, piano. Alco AC 204 (2)	Wide tonal range gives interesting realism to a highly colored instrument. Piano sounds bit off-mike, in background. Last side fuzzy, my copy.	*AA+*	A warm and ingratiating sample of minor Hindemith *gebrauchsmusik*; a good piece, expressively played on this tinny but charming instrument.
SHOSTAKOVITCH, TRIO IN E MINOR (1923?). Compinsky Trio. (Violin, cello, piano.) Alco A 3 (3)	Excellent balance, and resonance; but again blasts in heavy spots. First side defective my copy (fuzzy).	*AA* to *A—* (my opy)	If this was composed at 17 (doubtful) it is incredibly skilful. Sounds recent to me. Brilliant, well written, but unprofound; too long, with inevitable marches.
IVES, "IN THE BARN," "REVIVAL." (VIOLIN SONATA #2 2ND & 3RD MVTS.) 1907-10. Sol Babitz, vl. Ingolf Dahl, piano.	Violin is excellent, piano sounds bit off-mike, in background. Again, some fuzziness. Is this in the pressing?	*AA*	Welcome bit of Ives, the hugely prolific, highly listenable Amer. pioneer folkist-modernist. Striking mixture gospel hymn, square dance, dissonance!

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THE Alco Recording Company, founded two years ago on the West Coast, has been selling its records nationally for several months. The company is organized as a musician's cooperative, owned and operated by the musicians themselves. Its artistic nucleus is the Compinsky Trio and its artist roster is rounded out with prominent Coast performers. The company, like most others founded since the war, makes a point of choosing unusual music, hitherto unrecorded, of a sort not likely to be tackled by the big mass-production outfits—a policy which this column has long advocated. The musical repertory puts a healthy emphasis on good, sensible contemporary music, without pretentiousness. The choice so far is well made, nicely complementing that of other companies such as Concert Hall and Keynote (and with such a world of music available why should there be any repertory competition!). An enterprising venture is a series of public concerts given by Alco on the Coast, featuring both the performers and the music available on Alco records.

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SUSANNA AND THE ELDERS

Susanna

I AM Susanna, delicate and young,
And sleep somehow escapes this quiet hour.
The moon of Babylon is silver hung
In memory patterns here within my bower.
The stars tonight are warm and soft and close,
The night and I, in truth, the best of friends.
Oh, see! across the moon the wind tiptoes
Then hurries back to whisper swift amends!

But now enough of midnight make-believe!
A woman such as I must be sedate.
Are not my wrists grown long from out my sleeve,
And are my breasts not woman-wise of late? . . .
Joachim, good husband, dream you not of sorrow.
Sleep well! you shall have need of strength tomorrow

The Elders

All day a strange warmth in my thinning blood,
Sun of midsummer flowing through these veins!
Her smile, though not for me, unloosed this flood,
A coursing river after springtime rains.
Susanna! of the smile beyond compare,
No incense turned to mist more lingering,
No raven feather blacker than her hair,
Susanna! white against leaf pillowing.

The shade about the garden limns a shell.
The pool bears lonely witness to her beauty,
Restraint is noble—know I not too well?
But does not one to oneself owe a duty?
Susanna! . . . harsh across the pool it sped
And stained the leaves as if her heart had bled.

Susanna

Now who is there to say it otherwise?
They laugh and do not listen to my word.
The Elders jeer in innocent disguise,
And over all Joachim is scarcely heard.
I know them well who choose the hardest stone,
Their hands were over quick to break my bread.
Into my bowl of wisdom, newly-mown,
I weep, but oh, I weep for them instead!

And so it is and will be world on end
As every woman knows without the telling!
But deepest scar of all that will not mend
Is voice of my own voice the loudest yelling.
Too soon, too soon, I shall walk with the dawn
A path my flesh unrolls through Babylon.

Song

Oh, every quiet heart one time has known
The narrow winding paths of Babylon;
A bruise from impact of a small cold stone,
The scar from a harsh word hard put upon!
And every hand one time has scratched the clay
Until the pebble glistens duly bright—
But always dust from action of the day
Beshadowing content like candlelight!

Susanna, roses bloom still with a brier,
For living ever knows the touch of thorn.
Susanna, as the burnt one seeks the fire,
So hearts reach out for happiness reborn.

Susanna, life holds sorrow, just the same,
The petal is soft and ah, the flame . . . the flame!

JUNE WROBLESKI.

* * *

Harry Ober, certified public accountant, writes me:

Replying to Miss (Mrs.?) Lucy Newell who wants to know how about that single foot print:

FRIDAY HAD NO HELICOPTER

To the rescue of Daniel I here come aflyin'.
You will find here some guesses, but truly, no lion.
Tho my name is not Daniel nor even Defoe,
It's not too hard to tell you where all footprints go.
There's erosion by wind, and a wave washed erosion,
Then there's Friday a-hop on one foot near the ocean.
But perhaps there's a visit by wild life, or/and
There is driftwood or seaweed that smooths out the sand.
Then this fact rises up and perforce will not die,
That some sand is quite wet, while some other is dry;
And that walking is not always straight and ofttimes,
There are people whose feet are apart, in warm climes.

Now, Lucy, I've given you plenty of hints,
As to how there was left only one of the prints.

* * *

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This vehicle of culture — guide her clan
In varied tasks. But now her faithful span
Was closed—she had resigned—the date was here.

She strolled through the familiar rooms to take
Her leave of richly-laden shelves. "No more
'Twill fret me what the Branches may be needing.
Books—books—and always books! Today I wake
To glorious freedom—how my spirits soar
To think now I can catch up with my reading!

JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 719

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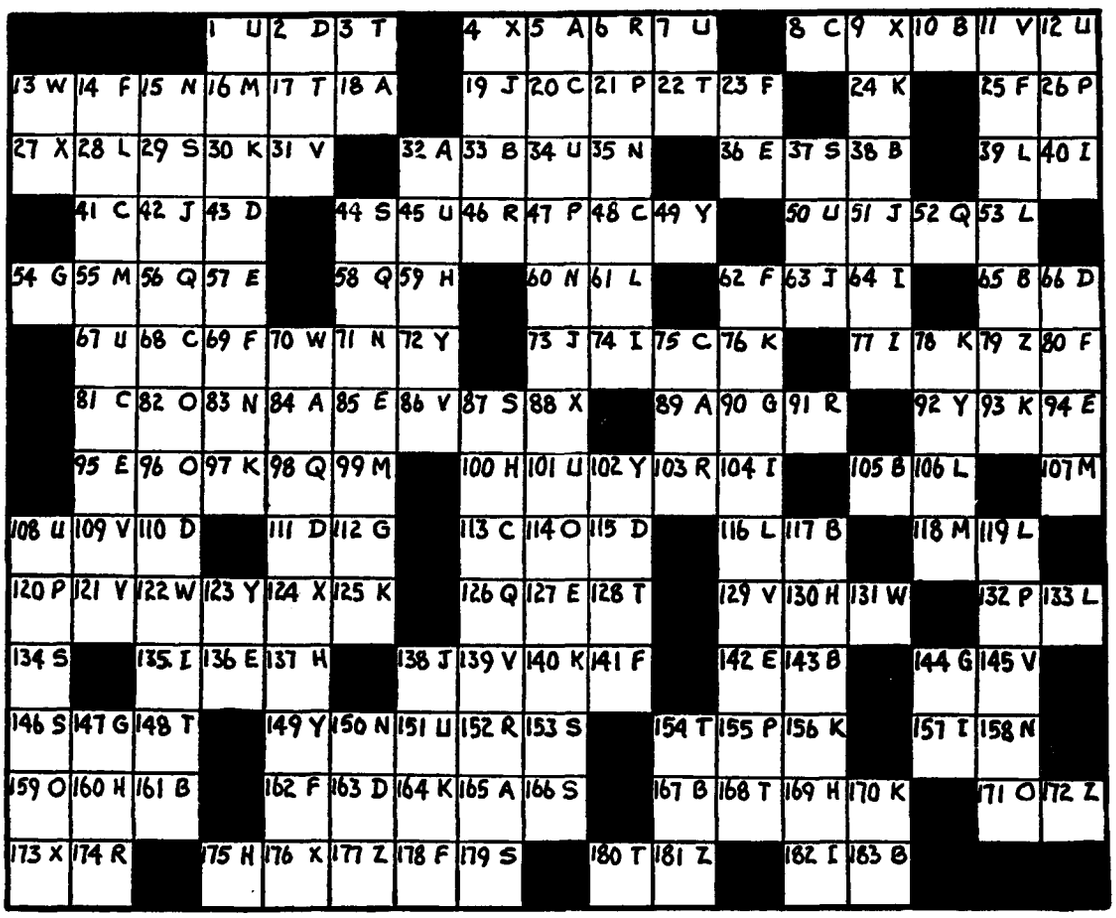
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To ; sh forth; extend; spread.	18 5 165 84 89 32
B. At random; happy-go-lucky (Comp.).	33 105 167 183 38 10 65 143 117 161
C. Makes greater, as in value or desirability.	48 113 20 75 41 8 68 81
D. To surpass in inhumanity a certain notorious Roman Emperor (Comp.).	2 111 43 66 163 115 110
E. Wash leather (2 wds.).	85 94 95 127 136 142 36 57
F. A short-legged dog of German breed (Ger.).	14 69 25 162 178 23 80 62 141
G. Title and heroine of opera (Massenet) based on novel of same name (A. France).	54 147 90 144 112
H. To drench; immerse; wash freely.	137 175 100 169 59 160 130
I. To maintain one's position without change (2 wds.; Colloq.).	40 157 64 77 182 104 74 135
J. Uproar; rumpus (Comp.; Colloq.).	73 63 19 51 42 138
K. Through intermediaries (3 wds.).	164 76 170 78 24 140 125 93 97 30 156
L. A warrant of commitment to prison (Law).	53 116 106 119 39 28 133 61
M. Sec'y of War, 1899-1904 and Sec'y of State, 1905-09 (first name).	16 99 118 55 107
N. Offensive to the smell or other senses.	158 150 60 35 83 15 71
O. Scribe of the gods (Egypt. Rel.).	171 82 114 159 96
P. U. S. Sec'y of the Navy 1853-57; enlarged and reorganized the Navy.	47 26 132 120 21 155
Q. American-born poet and critic, now a British citizen (1888-).	56 98 58 52 126
R. Slovenly; careless; not neat.	174 103 152 6 46 91
S. Emphatic expression denoting that a matter is disposed of (2 wds.; Colloq.).	166 44 37 134 87 179 153 29 146
T. Government from an inner center of control.	128 17 180 154 3 22 168 148
U. Brutal; violent; cruel.	101 151 50 1 45 12 108 34 7 67
V. Things left over, fragmentary or the like.	139 31 86 11 121 145 109 129
W. A shade of the color blue.	13 131 70 122
X. Turkish.	9 4 88 173 27 176 124
Y. Small fish of family *Cyprinidae* in American waters.	149 102 49 72 123 92
Z. A cry to attract attention; the utterance of one yawning (Comp.).	177 181 172 79

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean n o t h i n g. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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